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ENGLAND AND THE CONTINENT.

AT this season of the year, a sleep and a forgetting fall upon the affairs of Europe. Our own Parliament is prorogued, and the Legislative Chambers of the Continental Powers are for the most part in retirement also. Premiers and their colleagues are at the seaside, or ruralizing; leading politicians are seeking repose; the crowned heads of the Old World are drinking the waters at pleasant German spas or seductive Mediterranean resorts; revolutionists are recruiting, side by side with monarchs and ministers; and a general tranquillity spreads for a moment over the vexed scene of European diplomacy. As a consequence of this, the papers become dull; editors are driven to their wits' end for subjects whereon to construct leading articles; holiday-makers by the beach or on the mountain slopes may almost dispense with their daily journal, so little is there to learn of the world's doings; and for awhile we seem to slide back into some Golden Age, in which we have nothing more to do than to eat, drink, and be merry, to lie in the blessed sunshine, to dream beneath blue skies, and to draw in health from winds still warm with summer, yet freshened with autumnal influences. In England, at the present moment, our quiet is in some measure disturbed by the din of the approaching general election; but even this does not entirely dissipate the somnolence which seems natural to the season. On the Continent, everything is as dull as—well, as it always is in the drowsy days of September. Mr. Reuter's telegrams have fallen to zero, and the foreign correspondents are reduced to disquisitions on first principles of politics, and to a repetition of the wildest gossip of the clubs and the *cafés*. The world will wake up in a month's time, like the Sleeping Beauty and her attendants when the long-expected Prince arrived; but for the present all is slumberous and peaceful. The mighty movers of the earth are pausing from their labours, and for the nonce we have nothing but conjecture for our guide.

In this sleep of statesmanship, however, there may be dreams; nay, there *must* be. Mr. Disraeli's brains do not lie idle because he is not in daily attendance in Downing-street; the Emperor Napoleon and Count Bismarck do not cease to watch each other because their respective Parliaments are scattered to the four quarters; the Czar is mindful of the Cretan question none the less because of the general repose; and Garibaldi still looks towards Rome across the heat and silence of the waning year. What do all these potentates—Imperial and Royal, Ministerial and Revolutionary—design for the approaching days? What are they planning in their holiday meditations? In what respect shall we benefit or suffer by their seeming inaction? As yet it is all dark, and, as usual with men in the dark, we are driven into guesses. The Caucasian Mystery at the head of affairs in England may be preparing for us some tremendous surprise when the new Parliament assembles; and the state of the Continent may receive Heaven knows what modifications ere the advent of the New Year. The present condition of Europe is indeed so evidently provisional that it behoves us to consider what ought to be the policy of England in certain eventualities which may perhaps arise. It is generally assumed that we are, under all circumstances, to be guided by the principle of non-intervention; but it is pretty certain that in some conceivable cases we might

not be so guided, and, even supposing us to pursue a pacific path, it will not be easy to avoid expressing sympathy with one side or the other in many possible disputes. First in importance comes the great question of France and Germany. We have on two or three occasions ere this protested against the alarmist tone with respect to this subject adopted by many Continental and some English papers. It is by no means certain that either France or Prussia contemplates war. There is doubtless a war party in both countries, but there is a peace party too, and in some respects it looks as though the respective Governments inclined to the latter, rather than to the former. Count Bismarck is certainly not at the present moment making haste to absorb, or devour, North Germany, and the Emperor Napoleon and his Ministers utter no word that is not emphatically in favour of the preservation of amity. M. Magne, the Minister of Finance, said recently at a banquet at Dordogne—"Peace will be lasting because Europe needs it and the Emperor desires it. France is strong enough to abstain from war without danger of being accused of weakness, for no one has any interest in disturbing her." And the *Moniteur de l'Armée*, contradicting some statements of the *Nord*, affirms that there were never more soldiers absent from their regiments on leave than at present, and that the only military exercises now taking place are those at the camps of Chalons and Launemazan. Still, though appearances are in favour of peace, it is as well to consider the possibility of war. Supposing such a disaster to occur—supposing France and Prussia to be engaged in a deadly struggle—what would be the posture of this country towards the disputants? Should we preserve our boasted neutrality, or should we be sucked into the vortex? If the latter, the war would be European, and we might expect to see a repetition of the events of sixty years ago. It is hardly to be supposed that in such a contest we should be found on the side of France, nor would it be desirable. Yet could we take the side of Prussia with any advantage to the ultimate condition of Europe, or any respect to the best principles of our own rule? Prussia is still despotic, and seems likely to remain so. Her great ally in a war with France would probably be Russia, and this would give to the struggle all the character of a "Legitimist" crusade. The "divine right" instincts of the Prussian King would be intensified by the fervour of the occasion, and in some measure warranted by the enthusiastic support which he would be sure to receive from his people. Russia would not give her countenance on any understanding favourable to liberty, and it is hard to see how the independence and unity of Germany would be the gainer by such a compact, while it is quite certain that other nationalities, such as Poland, would be placed in a still more hopeless position than that which they now occupy. As to the action which Italy would be likely to take in such a contingency, it is hard to form any opinion. Italy is out of love with both her patrons, and just now Prussia is apparently even more disliked than France. But, in any case, the issues to be tried are not such as an English Government should be disposed to favour, from one point of view or the other. The unity of Germany is a desirable object, and it is most natural that Germans should wish to accomplish it; but we do not as yet see any of those spontaneous movements for amalgamation with Prussia which, in 1859-60, we saw in so many striking forms all over Italy for union with the brave little sub-Alpine kingdom, and, in their

absence, we cannot resist the impression that the objects of William I. are rather dynastic than national, rather self-aggrandising than patriotic, rather reactionary than progressive. On the other hand, any attempt on the part of France to check even the most arbitrary movement for the fusion of the several German States into one great Empire—unless we suppose the thing to be done in direct defiance of the wishes of the German people, which is highly improbable—would be so unjustifiable that England could not regard it in a friendly spirit, except at the cost of sacrificing all the highest principles of her modern policy. Complete neutrality under such circumstances would be the only proper course to pursue; and we are the more particular in insisting on this because it is the cue of some of our papers to encourage an antagonistic feeling towards France, and an indiscriminating worship of Prussia.

The affairs of Italy are rife with other difficulties with which our Ministers will have to deal. The Roman question is as far as ever from being settled, though it is in no respect less necessary that it should be settled, and that in a sense satisfactory to the Italian people, while not forgetful of the claims of the Pope as the head of a chief division of the Christian Church. Unfortunately, the natural perplexities of this question are indefinitely increased by the action of the Pontiff's Imperial patron on the one hand, and of the revolutionary leader on the other. Garibaldi, it is reported, has resigned his seat in the Italian Parliament, and, if so, it is to be apprehended that he contemplates a repetition of the disastrous movement of last year. What better chance of succeeding he has in 1868 than in 1867 it would puzzle *Œdipus* to discover. If he again moves towards Rome, he will find arrayed against him the strength and determination of France. A collision between the raw forces of the Liberator and the highly-trained and perfectly armed regiments of the Pope's Imperial friend could only have one result; but the renewed discomfiture of Garibaldi, and the repeated action of France as the obstructor of Italian aspirations, might lead to a state of affairs in the Peninsula very threatening to the tranquillity of that part of Europe. Left to themselves, and to the natural evolution of events, Italy and the Pope are certain in the end to come to an agreement. Distracted by the opposing influences of native agitators and foreign interveners, the solution may be indefinitely postponed, and the prosperity of the country in the meanwhile be seriously endangered. Disorder in Italy, moreover, might offer a pretext for a quarrel between France and Prussia, supposing those Powers to be really desirous of a rupture, and the animosities of Gaul and Teuton might be fought out over the bleeding body of the South. Here again are eventualities which the Government of England would do well to consider beforehand, with a view to shaping a definite policy capable of withstanding any shock that is likely to occur.

If, passing from Italy, we turn our eyes towards the East, we find a danger certainly no less than those to which we have been adverting, and capable, perhaps, of spreading out into yet more formidable dimensions and still graver results. The prospects of the Turkish Empire touch very intimately on those great considerations of nationality which are among the most important elements of the future of Europe. The Servian members of that discordant family dream of establishing an independent kingdom; other branches of the Slavonic stock look to incorporation with Russia; while the Greeks not unnaturally desire to join their brethren under the sceptre of King George. The insurrection in Crete may possibly become the nucleus of a general Hellenic movement, which might bring the whole Eastern question to a crisis. How far the Cretan rebellion can be considered a national rising is involved in considerable doubt. The persistence with which it is maintained looks as if it were something more than the effervescence of discontented tribes; yet some independent observers characterize it as little better than brigandage, and, considering the mixed population of the island, and the fact that a proportion of the people are Turkish Mohammedans, it is not easy to see where the materials for a national movement are to be found. The incongruity of the population of European Turkey, the tendency of the people to quarrel among themselves, and the low degree of civilization prevalent among the Christians of that part of the world, render it difficult for an unprejudiced observer to view with entire complacency the prospect of a break-up of the Turkish suzerainty, which holds together many jarring forces. If a strong nationality could be formed in Eastern Europe, we should of course be delighted to see it arise; but if the choice is between Ottoman supervision and anarchy or Russian predominance, we must be excused for desiring the continuance of the former until the Christians are better educated for independence. Thus we see that in central

Europe, in the South, and in the East, many difficult and dangerous complications lurk beneath the calm of the moment; and we can only hope that the Government and the public opinion of England are prepared to meet the future with a policy at once temperate and assured.

MR. BRIGHT'S ADDRESS.

TIMES have changed not a little since Mr. Bright last addressed the electors of Birmingham on the eve of a general election. On many subjects the opinions of Englishmen have been revolutionized, and very remarkable has been the transformation in the feelings with which perhaps the majority of the upper and middle classes used to regard Mr. Bright. The common impression was that he was in his natural state a sort of political ogre, a Caliban only restrained from all kinds of diabolical mischief by the exulting Prospero of the majority. Then came the introduction of Mr. Gladstone's Reform Bill, which was lost mainly because Mr. Bright, though not enamoured of it, chose to give it his support. Mr. Disraeli came to power, and the close of the session of 1867 saw Mr. Bright, as it were, stranded on the Conservative shore, where he was left by the receding tide of Tory democracy. He now occupies a place, not as of old, in the van of the Liberal army, but, so to speak, among the staff. Yet he has changed no opinions. The world has come round to his doctrines and even bettered his teaching; but what he denounced twenty years ago he denounces now, and what he advocated then he advocates now. In his address to the electors of Birmingham, the points to which he directs attention are neither startling in their novelty nor questionable in respect of their future settlement. The disestablishment of the Irish Church, the introduction of the ballot, and the modification of the "three-cornered" constituencies, are all doubtless questions of the first importance; but they are questions about which little guidance is needed, because, so far as they are concerned, the result can be clearly foreseen. On the other great questions which are open to doubt—Irish tenure, national education, army reform, and financial policy—Mr. Bright does not say a word. And this guarded silence gives his address a commonplace character, which is only redeemed by a single touch of what may be called political genius. In half a dozen words Mr. Bright demolishes a whole armament of Tory missiles, and invents—what would appear to the Tapers and Tadpoles the highest of political feats—a good hustings cry.

Naturally the Church question occupies a prominent place in Mr. Bright's declaration of policy. He deals with this in a very characteristic, and, at the same time, a very prudent manner. All argument he puts aside at once and decidedly. He treats the practical question as settled, and only in combating Mr. Disraeli's taunts of Ritualist-Romanist conspiracy does he overthrow with one trenchant phrase the entire fabric of ingenious misconstruction which the Tories have piled over the policy of Mr. Gladstone. "We do not touch religion at all." These are the words of the war cry that the great Radical champion has given his party, and they come opportunely to defeat the tactics of clerical firebrands and astute sowers of tares. They should be repeated everywhere, and by every Liberal. They should be made the text of all the teachings of the press and the platform. They should be adopted as the watchword of Liberal candidates, and forced upon the attention of the constituencies. For it is really upon this issue that the great struggle of November will be decided. The clerical fanatics and their shrewd political allies have a signal advantage in the noiseless way in which they are able to act upon popular feeling. They have got long since their cue from the leader of the Tory party, and they have followed it up assiduously. Though the "No Popery" cry has failed on the whole to awaken the passions on which Mr. Disraeli-calculated, it has been of some potency in rural districts and among ignorant men. The ill-judging zeal of these must be met in time, and it cannot be better opposed than by the terse sentence in which Mr. Bright has asserted the political character of Mr. Gladstone's policy. "We do not touch religion at all." On this issue let the battle be fought.

The latter part of Mr. Bright's address is the only part in which he rises to anything like fervour, though all that he says is permeated with a quiet earnestness which is quite as effective as the loudest declamation. But in his concluding sentences Mr. Bright encounters his ancient enemy, "the minority clause," and kindles at the sight and thought of it. When Mr. Bright is in a passion, he is very much in a passion. He says to himself, "I do well to be angry;" and piles up crushing epithets one over the other at a rate which takes away the

quiet observer's breath, though it clearly fails to satisfy the impatient wrath of Mr. Bright. For our own part, while we disapprove as much as Mr. Bright of the minority clause in principle, we cannot look upon it as so mischievous in practice as he would have it to be. In the counties it will probably seat two or three Liberal members. In the great boroughs, where, as Mr. Bright says, it was introduced with the design of reducing those radical and progressive constituencies to the level of small boroughs that only return one member to Parliament, it has altogether failed, if such was, indeed, the object of its promoters. In Manchester and Birmingham there appears to be every probability that the Tories will be hoist with their own petard, and that there will be in both boroughs a clear Liberal gain. In Leeds, also, where the representation has been hitherto divided, Mr. Alderman Carter will be seated, no doubt, as a Radical colleague of Mr. Baines, while Mr. Beecroft's personal influence will possibly secure the third seat for the Conservatives. In Liverpool, where the Tories have long dominated in local and general politics, the Gladstonian candidates—Mr. W. N. Massey, lately Finance Minister to the Government of India, and Mr. Wm. Rathbone—are presented with an opportunity of ousting at least one Conservative. We cannot, therefore, see what especially enrages Mr. Bright against the minority clause. That he is right in protesting against its principle we do not question; or, rather, we believe that any plan for the representation of minorities applied partially, unequally, and irregularly, as was the system of "three-cornered" voting in the Reform Act of last year, must produce evils of inequality and injustice. If the nation is prepared to go to the length of personal representation advocated by Mr. Hare, the scheme would at least be logical; but the nation is not yet prepared for such a revolution, and half measures, like those of last year, are simply irritating and mischievous. If Mr. Bright will only spare his wrath till he can make it effective, as he certainly can in the House of Commons a few months hence, perhaps even from the Treasury Bench, we take it there would be no earnest defence of the minority clause. To pelt the system with hard words now is impolitic and undignified, and, in a small way, is a good illustration of the bellicose spirit which has not been tamed in Mr. Bright by his Quaker training, and from which his opponents in Parliament suffer occasionally, and his own position now and then. Patience is a virtue, even in politics, as his own experience of the agitation for Reform and for the ballot proves. For the first, the advanced Liberals waited for twenty years; but they got it in abundant measure in the end. For the second they wait yet; but the foreshadowing of its accomplishment may be marked in the election addresses of the Liberal candidates throughout the country. Nine out of every ten of them pledge themselves to the ballot, and the constituencies find it hard even to pardon the honest dissent of men like Mr. Mill and Mr. Hughes. Mr. Bright may rejoice over the near completion of the work on which he entered by the side of Mr. Cobden more than a quarter of a century ago. The objects for which he struggled long and faithfully have been all either accomplished, or brought into that stage at which their accomplishment becomes only a question of time. While the new school of Radicals may look restlessly into the future, Mr. Bright may sit down content; for he has done with all his might what his hand found to do.

PROSPECTS OF UNION AMONG THE SCOTCH CHURCHES.

THE desire which originated the negotiations now going on for union among the non-established Churches in Scotland widely existed before 1863; but in that year the movement began to assume a tangible shape in the simultaneous action of the highest courts of the two leading Churches, both being urged in that direction by various overtures or suggestions sent up from the Presbyterians. At the annual May meeting, the Synod of the United Presbyterian Church and the General Assembly of the Free Church approached the subject in a practical manner for the first time. They resolved to appoint committees to investigate the subject of union and to confer with committees from other Churches. As these were the resolutions which set the whole union machinery in motion, it may be as well to quote them. The Synod of the United Presbyterian Church resolved "that a committee be appointed to consider the subject of union with other Presbyterian bodies in all its bearings, and, more immediately, to meet with any committee that may be appointed by the General Assembly of the Free Church or by the Synods of the English Presbyterian Church, the Reformed Presbyterian Church, or the original

Secession Church, and to confer with them respecting the relative position of these several bodies and the United Presbyterian Church, and the steps proper to be taken for their present co-operation and ultimate union." This resolution, adopted on the 15th, was forthwith communicated to the General Assembly of the Free Church, and that court responded on the 28th with a resolution of a similar character: "The General Assembly, cordially approving of the object contemplated in the overtures, and recognising the duty, especially in present circumstances, of aiming at its accomplishment by all suitable means, consistent with a due regard to the principles of the Church, unanimously resolve to appoint a committee to take into consideration the whole subject of union among the non-established Churches of Scotland; and in particular, the General Assembly authorize the committee to confer with the committee on union recently appointed by the Synod of the United Presbyterian Church, as well as with the representatives of any of the other Churches named or indicated in the overtures, should occasion or opportunity for doing so arise." In accordance with these resolutions, committees large in numbers and strong in ability, including the leading minds among the laity and the clergy, were appointed by both Churches. In order to concentrate and, if possible, economize their labours, the joint committee laid down a programme distributing the various subjects which demanded investigation into nine articles, the first referring to the province of the civil magistrate, and the rest to such matters as doctrine, government, public worship, discipline, education of youth, training of students, property, and finance. Two additional articles were added in 1864 in reference to the working of foreign missions, and the relation of the United Church to the past ecclesiastical history of the country.

Naturally, in a country like Scotland, the proposed union of the Churches excited much interest, and provoked a great deal of controversy. The Scotch are a conspicuously reticent people; but on matters theological and ecclesiastical, they possess the gift of interminable speech, and they spring at these subjects as a lion springs at his prey. It is safe to say that ten volumes, equal in size to those of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," would hardly contain what has been written and spoken in Scotland alone on the subject of union. It was a godsend to the newspapers, which either commended the scheme, or condemned it as likely to arrest the liberal tendencies of modern thought and investigation. The great majority in the negotiating Churches were, from the beginning, hopeful; a certain proportion were doubtful; and a small number were all but antagonistic. Since 1863, while the doubts of many have been dispelled, and the ranks of the hopeful consequently increased, the number of those unfavourable to union has remained nearly stationary, though the pertinacity of their antagonism has become louder if not deeper. Article first on the programme—"The extent to which the Churches agree as to the province of the civil magistrate in relation to religion and the Christian Church"—was discussed during the first year of the negotiations. A difference of opinion was known to exist on this subject between the Free and the United Presbyterian Churches—the former holding that it was the duty of the State to support the Church out of the national purse, without at the same time daring to interfere with the Church's internal policy—and the latter denying altogether that it was within the province of the State to interfere with the ecclesiastical or spiritual organization of the Church in any form or for any purpose. But the relative position of the two Churches will best be shown by employing the language of the distinctive articles on this very subject, drawn up by the negotiating committees. The distinctive article of the Free Church declared that "as an act of national homage to Christ, the civil magistrate ought, when necessary and expedient, to afford aid from the national resources to the cause of Christ, provided always that in doing so, while reserving full control over his own gift, he abstain from all authoritative interference in the internal government of the Church," the expediency of giving or accepting such aid being left to the determination of each, according to "times and circumstances." On the other hand, the distinctive article of the United Presbyterian Church asserted that "it is not competent to the civil magistrate to give legislative sanction to any creed, in the way of setting up a civil establishment of religion, nor is it within his province to provide for the expense of the ministrations of religion out of the national resources." There is no ambiguity in the language or purpose of these declarations. The one Church says that the civil magistrate ought, and the other Church says that he ought not, to give pecuniary aid to the Church. State Churchism, without State supervision, seems the colour of the Free Church article; while voluntarism is unquestionably the colour of the article of the

United Presbyterian Church. On the general attitude, however, which the civil magistrate ought to maintain with reference to the Christian religion, both Churches were found to be pretty well agreed. He ought to embrace and profess the religion of Christ, and comfort himself according to its spirit, in the making and administration of laws, and in all matters of civil jurisdiction. Yet, having no authority in spiritual things, he is precluded from the employment of force to prescribe to or impose upon his subjects a creed or form of worship, or in any way to interfere with the government of the Church,—“it being the exclusive prerogative of the Lord Jesus to rule in matters of faith and worship.”

The two originators of the union negotiations were joined by other two—the English Presbyterian and the Reformed Presbyterian Churches, in 1864-5, during which year much progress was made by the joint committee in the elucidation of various other points of the programme. Suspicions of some subtle difference on doctrinal points were blown to the winds by the fact that the Westminster Confession of Faith was acknowledged as a common standard by all the Churches, agreeing as they did in the views promulgated by that Confession with reference to man's natural state, and his redemption by Jesus Christ through the agency of the Holy Spirit. It was found also that the Churches were in substantial harmony on such points as the training and licensing of students, the employment of probationers, the election of office-bearers, the constitution of Church courts, the admission to ordinances, the forms of ecclesiastical procedure, and the law and practice of public worship. They were also agreed on the point referring to the working of foreign missions. The discovery of harmony on such points as these indicated real progress, though it was a kind of progress which only narrowed the work to that one point—the province of the civil magistrate, which would call forth the final struggle of the negotiators. Of course, all this time, the opponents of union were watching the doings of the joint committee with intense interest, and lost no opportunity of interposing objections of a nature to retard or break the hope of achievement. They have, however, uniformly failed to arrest for a moment the progress of the negotiations. In 1866, the programme having meanwhile been subjected to rigid reconsideration and revision, the findings of the joint committee were laid before the General Assembly of the Free Church for the purpose of being sent down to the Presbyteries, which was accordingly done, the Assembly instructing these courts that they were to “communicate to the union committee such suggestions with reference to the inquiries which the committees are now prosecuting as may seem to the Presbyteries to be expedient and necessary.” This was opposed by the anti-unionists of the Assembly, who moved that, union with other Churches being in the mean time inexpedient, the committee be discharged. The motion was lost overwhelmingly. The labours of the committees were then directed to a complete demonstration of the amount of agreement or difference among the negotiating Churches with regard to “the province of the civil magistrate in relation to religion and the Christian Church,” which we have indicated above in giving the terms of the distinctive articles on that head.

The year 1867 was now reached, and the progress of the negotiations having revealed the only difficulty which stood in the way, or that could prevent union, the committee of the United Presbyterian Church wished to have it declared “whether, in regard to the first head of the programme, there exists any insuperable bar to union.” This very natural request was, along with the committee's report, laid before the Free Church Assembly, who, after much debating, gave expression to the two most important declarations which have been made on the subject. By a majority of nearly two to one, they expressed “their grateful satisfaction with the large measure of agreement under the first head of the programme, as well as with the reiterated assurance of entire agreement under the second head,” which latter referred to doctrine. Further, “while reserving final judgment on the whole case, and every point thereof,” the Assembly expressed their opinion, “as at present advised, that, as regards the first head of the programme itself, there appears to be no bar to the union contemplated.” That is substantially the point which the negotiations have reached. In spite of various protests, the committee was this year re-appointed to prosecute the work still further, though, before final judgment can be given on the case, a considerable quantity of conference and diplomacy will probably be required. The debates of May last were the most energetic which the subject has yet provoked, the interest of the whole question being narrowed to two points. It is maintained by the anti-unionists that the majority, in pushing forward the question of union as they are doing, are deserting the original principles of

the Free Church. It is wrong to unite with a Church, the United Presbyterian, whose views on the doctrine of the Atonement the minority allege to be indefensibly lax; and it is wrong, in order to achieve this union, to give up, or hold in abeyance, the principle that it is the duty of the State to establish and support the Church—that principle being, as they assert, a fair inference from the words of the Confession: “It is the duty of the civil magistrate to take order that all the ordinances of God are duly settled, administered, and observed.” This is the position assumed by the leaders of the opposition, Dr. Begg, Dr. Gibson, and others of a like stamp. On the other hand, the great majority, led by such men as Dr. Buchanan and Dr. Candlish, maintain that no doctrine can be based upon an inference, and that as the principle of Establishments is not stated in so many words in the Confession, it is not fundamental and essential, and cannot be binding upon them. “No man,” Dr. Buchanan says, “may presume to set up a term of communion in the Church of God on the strength of his own *ipse dixit*. Has Christ done it? That is the question; and positive, clear, and sufficient proof that he has done so, is the only relevant answer to my denial.” Right excellent words these, worthy of a great divine, and worthy of a Church having at the root of it vast seminal vitality. Whatever difficulties, then, the progress of Scotch unionism has yet to encounter—and difficulties do lie in the way, for the opposition, if not numerous, are extremely pertinacious—the majority of the Free Church has come slowly, but deliberately, to the conclusion that the theory of establishments and endowments must not be raised to the dignity of a principle or article of faith, and ought not, therefore, to be allowed to stand in the way as a permanent bar to the union of the Churches. Indeed, no practical question as to the acceptance or rejection of endowment exists at the present moment, for not only are no endowments offered by the State, but none are at all likely to be offered. Not to unite with a neighbour Church on account of some difference of opinion regarding the non-existent, would, therefore, seem an unusual stretch of antagonism. What the Free Church has done is to leave the consideration of endowments an open question, a theory to be entertained or not without sin or endangerment either to person or Church. But in thus declining to be bound by a theory which the non-unionists maintain is deducible from the terms of the Confession, the Free Church has unquestionably made an advance which, at the beginning of the negotiations, many persons would have regarded as an impossibility, although long before that period distinguished leaders like Cunningham, Chalmers, and Guthrie, held opinions fully in the van of the present advanced views of the question. We venture to think that this fact, small as it must appear to many readers, is so far a sign that the Free Church has some power of movement and expansion. A prominent divine of that communion has significantly declared that “the Church has no liberty to become the slave even of its own history,” a thoroughly enlightened opinion, and one which we believe to be widely penetrating the Scotch ecclesiastical mind. No Church, any more than a man, can exist without a past; but the future has its claims, and its benefits to confer; and there is no further greatness possible to a Church that will not sometimes leave the sepulchres of the fathers, and sun herself in the visions of new generations and new conquests. The last rag of endowments having been thus practically thrust into the waste-basket, the consummation of a union among the negotiating Scotch churches appears to be reasonably certain at no distant day; and if union among Churches of a like faith is desirable at all, surely this proposed union is altogether commendable. A Church is not necessarily true and tolerant because it is big; and perhaps the projected union will not result in a model Church, but a Church, the component elements of which have passed through fiery trials, is not unlikely in the end to show that her coarser passions have been burned away, while the divine energy of the Christian spirit has been conserved, purged, and purified, for high and noble uses—a Church willing and striving to comprehend all within her nourishing bosom, and loath to reject the humblest of God's children.

THE CO-OPERATION OF LABOUR.

THE *Westminster Review* had recently a paper on co-operation applied to the dwellings of the people, which gave a slight sketch of the origin and progress of co-operative building societies, but was chiefly devoted to a relation of the establishment and results of the Edinburgh Co-operative Building Company. The information supplied is deficient in some very important particulars, and the tone of the article is too jubilant, and the

financial details too much taken upon trust to impress those who are acquainted with the difficulties of supplying wholesome house-room at a cost within the means of the working classes; but it brings together some important facts, and may serve as a text for some remarks upon co-operation as applied to this particular industry. The Edinburgh society was established in 1861 by a few masons, with an original capital of £25, that being the amount subscribed at the first meeting. From this small beginning a limited liability company was organized, with a nominal capital of £10,000 in £1 shares, which had for its object the provision of better homes for its members. The society experienced many difficulties at its commencement, but these were gradually overcome, and in 1865 its shares were all taken up, and it now numbers 836 shareholders. About 400 houses have been built by the society, and dividends of from 7½ to 12 per cent. have been divided.

The prices of the houses range from £130 to £180, which are certainly much below what they would cost in London, for the commonest labourer's cottages cannot be built for less than £100 each, in pairs. A deposit of £5 only is required, and the payment of the rest of the purchase-money is spread over fourteen years, the intending purchaser occupying the house all the time, and paying for it by instalments. This is the ordinary operation of a building society, and the principle is tolerably well known among our working and lower middle-classes in England—the difference between the two countries consisting, it would seem, in this: that in Scotland the members build their own houses, and thus create employment as well as a means of investment, and at the same time provide themselves with better and cheaper houses than they could otherwise obtain. In England there is no co-operation of labour, our building societies dealing only with the money question, acting merely as banks of deposit and mortgagors of house property, and frequently being made use of by speculating builders to dispose of their houses. The Scotch method is a signal improvement, but it would be difficult to introduce it here in the present state of feeling as regards trades-unions; and it is doubtful that even were these difficulties removed whether the English workman would combine with the same readiness as the more clannish Scot. The system of co-operative labour would, if properly applied, afford a guarantee of the stability and proper finish of the houses acquired by members of building societies, which the present system does not supply. Thus, if every man employed were paid a fair rate of wages, there would be no temptation for him to scamp his work, as it might happen that the very house upon which he was engaged might become his own, and he would, beside, be subject to the continual supervision of his fellows.

We do not know upon what plan the Edinburgh dwellings were constructed, but it would seem, from the remark that each house has a separate entrance, that the common stair, which forms such a feature in Scotch domestic life, has been abolished. This is a matter of regret, for although the expedient of one staircase serving for several apartments has fallen into disrepute, through its flagrant abuse in Scotland, there can be no doubt that it has many recommendations. The prejudices and habits of life of the English lower classes are so deeply rooted, and it must be acknowledged have their foundation in so much that is really estimable and self-respecting, that it is hopeless to expect that any sudden change in the arrangement of their dwellings would be readily acquiesced in by them. It is, however, important to note that in order to realize the full benefit of mutual association there should be complete co-operation in everything. This seems self-evident, but it is nevertheless a hard saying, the truth of which it is difficult to teach men of even superior average intelligence. The plan of giving every one a participation in the profits according to the amount of his investment in the society, as first adopted by the Edinburgh artisans, was obliged to be relinquished, because, although willing to share the profits in times of prosperity, the members were averse to sharing the losses when their enterprise was unsuccessful. A similar disinclination prevents the proper utilization of building-ground. In the case of houses letting at from £30 to £40 a year in England, at least one-sixth of the area is given up to the staircase and passages, and is consequently lost to the occupier, who, by combining with his neighbours and sharing with them the staircase, might enjoy additional size and accommodation in living-rooms, while the cost and maintenance of his house would be reduced, and its comfort and convenience considerably increased. Our lofty houses, each with its separate staircase, are costly mistakes. There may be reasons why it is desirable in a mixed neighbourhood to have separate self-contained dwellings, but there is an evident loss, both in money and convenience, when houses intended for members of an association are constructed on a similar plan.

And yet this is precisely what is done, and the principle of co-operation stops short just where it might be most available.

The *Cités Ouvrières* of the Continent offer many features exemplifying the successful results of friendly combination in the arrangement of their houses. In that at Mulhouse, which has had a marked effect in improving the manners and morals of the weavers there, the houses are built in groups, and are for the most part only one story high, with gardens both at back and front. The streets are made of a uniform width, and are decorated with fountains; and there are public baths, lavatories, bakeries, and similar establishments for the common use of the inhabitants. It is to be remembered that this is a self-supporting institution just as the Edinburgh Society is, although it is true that, at its commencement, it received some assistance from the State, but, as events have proved, the subvention accorded was not required; and there seems no reason why a similar comprehensive design should not characterize the operations of our kindred societies.

PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING AS A SPORT.

TIMES have changed for the partridges since good old Nicholas Cox, who wrote the "Gentleman's Recreation, to which is prefixed a Large Sculpture giving Easie directions for Blowing the Horn," published instructions for bagging them. In his day you brought your elegant "Harquebuss" into the field, and, amongst other things, Nicholas recommends that you should paint your face green, and on occasions lie on your back and "juck" in order to attract the guileless coveys. To shoot flying was then a fine art, and indeed was considered even by Mr. *Spectator* at a much later period, as an accomplishment which marked the true country gentleman. Now we have vastly improved our "engines" as Master Cox quaintly terms the guns, and we venture to take to the stubbles, or the turnips, without the use of a sporting cosmetic or interludes of ventriloquial devices. It may be that we have improved too much. The increase of game, and the system of doing without dogs, has to a great extent spoiled the chief pleasure of the sport of partridge-shooting. The fashion of marching in a line through turnips where the birds are as thick as ants, keeping up a fusillade as regular as the volley of notes discharged from a piano by an expert, and the murderous pot-hunting air of the whole proceedings, would have sickened our ancestors, who looked upon beaters as a luxury, and a second gun as a wild extravagance. In fact, this modern system leaves little to write or to talk about. It has a certain etiquette which it is necessary to learn, that is all; and even this etiquette is forgotten when the clouds of smoke and feathers, and the constant whirring of the birds prevents you from well knowing whether you are driving into your neighbour's line of fire or not. Then the luncheon that usually succeeds this battue! What has your true sportsman to do with such fare on his beats as hock and seltzer, and an entertainment that requires the superintendence of cook and butler.

To make partridge-shooting sport nowadays, to bring it back as nearly as is consistent with modern ideas to that point which renders it once more a manly and refreshing exercise of skill, is not so difficult. There are a few counties (Norfolk is one of them) in which this is impossible, in consequence of the manner in which the birds have been spoiled and pampered. But there are many places in England where, from the nature of the ground as well as from the habits of the proprietors, a fair, though not sensational, bag can be made by a process of which a genuine sportsman need not be ashamed. With reference to the ground, fine cultivation and what may be called garden farming, however advantageous in some respects to the propagation of coveys, is inimical to the purposes we have in view. Broken land, with hills and hollows in it, small fields and high stubbles, do not present an attractive picture to one who would regard it as Alderman Mechi regards a country side, but to the man who loves partridge-shooting it would be the happiest of hunting-grounds. Here he could use his dogs or dog. What one dog can do, you may learn from Colonel Hawker, who records that a sportsman with a single dog in a "wild country" (the Colonel italicizes the *wild country*) bagged fifty-one brace of partridges (besides three brace lost) and a hare in eight hours. You may believe the Colonel, although an enemy once accused him of having, by his own account, shot more wild ducks by twenty or so than his gun contained of pellets. To be able to watch the working of a good dog, or brace of dogs, is surely the prime pleasure of partridge-shooting. There are no birds before which a pointer or a setter becomes more rigid or more intense when assuming what writers in the *Field* call "the cataleptic condition." There are no birds

either which require more judgment and caution in approaching and finding (we are now speaking of a comparatively wild country), or more knowledge of habits and temperature. As a golden rule, we may lay down that one of Hawker's, and give it in his own language:—

"Most young sportsmen, and many old ones, fancy that nothing great can be done on the first day without they go out as soon as they can see to distinguish a bird from a dog. This may possibly be necessary for those who start from a town where two or three unfortunate coveys are to be contended for by half the lawyers, doctors, school-masters, sporting parsons, and tradesmen in the place; but under other circumstances, this is the very worst that can be adopted."

The dogs cannot easily catch the scent while the dew is on the grass, and if they spring the birds, even should you tumble over a brace, the rest will lump together instead of dispersing, and may be as wild as hawks for the remainder of the day. Late in the afternoon partridge scatter about and lie until you may have to kick them up. It would seem to an observer as if they had a temper, and, if disturbed at breakfast-time, determine to give as much trouble and bother as they can before allowing themselves to be shot. Hawker also advises that the high lands should be tried first, and the birds driven into the vales. One obvious reason for this would be the facility with which they can be marked if dislodged from a hill. In windy weather you must be cautious that you approach them against the wind. Then you may get very close, but it is often necessary in such circumstances to fire quickly and almost in a snap shot.

The best dog for partridge-shooting is the pointer. He can stand the heat of September, and will bear longer against thirst than the setter. You must of all things teach him to range by hand, and to require as little of the voice or the whip as possible. It is advisable, also, to train a pointer to draw close to his birds. Some dogs, with the keenest noses, the moment they drop into a field become as if frozen into an attitude, although the covey may be hundreds of yards off. The setter is not so liable to this fault; indeed, the chief vice of the setter is often coming too sharp upon his birds, and springing them. If there is one thing more than another which deserves special condemnation in dogs used for partridge-shooting, it is the vicious custom of teaching them to retrieve. This performance is entirely opposed to all the other educational checks which are necessarily placed upon the instincts of the animals. "Stonehenge" is very decisive on this score, and recommends that if a retriever is required another dog be substituted. "Stonehenge" remarks—"The best dog for this purpose is, I think, a little rough terrier, expressly broken to retrieve, and kept for this alone. He has a wonderful nose, is perfectly under command, much more so than the spaniel, and will retrieve any game, from the snipe to the pheasant." We do not believe a retriever is of any great service in partridge-shooting, except where a bird is wounded and runs. It is then very demoralizing to your dogs to permit them to go sniffing, tracking, and pointing after it, and "Stonehenge's" little terrier may be useful.

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can equal the intense eagerness and anxiety he evinces when you bring him on the ground, and especially the caution he displays. This show of caution saves him lots of exertion. He is, you think, beautifully alert and conscious of the near presence of the birds; your gun is on full cock, and there is not a partridge within a mile of you. A landrail is a godsend to a scoundrel of this kind. There is an excuse for pointing it, say every minute for half an hour (you holding your breath all the time with expectance). A dog of this character (and sportsmen will recognise such brutes easily) will even come to a dead point before a field-mouse—nay, has been known to simulate his functions in closing upon even a more ignoble apology for his performances.

Wrinkles in the shooting of partridge should not be required by any one who can fire a gun. There is no easier shot as a rule, though occasionally (as in a high wind or when birds pop from a ditch over a hedge) they present a more difficult mark. The sportsman, however, should learn to bring them down neatly. In the beginning of the season, men who would face a forlorn hope are easily startled by the whirr of the sprung birds; and although they manage to pull themselves together so as not to miss outright, it is pitiable, as well as unseemly, to note perhaps one partridge riddled like a sponge, while another goes off wounded and wagging. Blazing into a covey, as it is called, is a most unsportsman-like proceeding; and taking long shots on chance is both a wanton and a stupid practice. It tends to render the birds wild, and, according to the Oakleigh Shooting Code, prevents the partridges from dispersing. By the same authority, the "extreme distance which a partridge ought not to be fired at from the first barrel should not exceed fifty-five paces when the bird is crossing, forty-five when going direct from the shooter." Although many changes have been made in fowling-pieces since this opinion was given, it is still a sound rule to go by. We may close by noting that the foregoing remarks are intended for those only who desire to enjoy partridge-shooting as a sport. The manner and conditions under which it is pursued in thick preserves are altogether different. A glutton for big bags, who is contributing to the poulterer's shop, and to the incidental amusements of a great shooting-party, would doubtless feel disgusted at the meagreness of the results to be obtained within the limits here laid down.

KISSING.

MOST people admit that kissing is nice, but many would decline to follow the Rev. W. Whitman Walker (of First Congregational Church, Connecticut) when he lays it down as an axiom that "kissing is an high and an holy thing." There was a Scotch divine who gave thanks before and after; but this looks rather as if, with the national shyness of love-matters, he supposed the act required consecration, than as if he deemed it to have in itself aught of a sacramental character. Yet if—as nearly every nation under the cope of heaven has held—the mere eating of a man's salt be sacramental, it seems somewhat arbitrary, not to say mean, to deny the same adjective to the kissing of a woman's lips. Indeed, there are portions of the extreme north of Europe in which the kiss of the maiden of the house is the accredited seal of hospitality. She takes off your stockings at night, and tucks you up with a kiss; then in the morning she comes in with the sunbeams—

"Uproos the sun, and uproos Emelye—"

and wakes you with another kiss. We forget if she puts on your stockings for you; but, at all events, we adhere, for our own part, to the dictum of the American divine. Kissing we believe to be a high and a holy—or, as he prefers to say in exalted moments—an high and an holy thing.

For many ages there has been a tendency—foreign to the West, imported into it, jarring with Occidental feelings, and producing much confusion and impurity—a tendency, we say, to run down the body. This tendency sometimes shows itself in the most ludicrous forms. When people first became a little conscious of an incongruity in their analysis, they invented, or reapplied, the word *sensuous*—a shabby and unmeaning compromise for *sensual*. Thus, they will have it that music is what they call a "*sensuous*" pleasure; apparently because we hear it with our ears, and quite forgetting that the most highly intellectual man living would not be able to be intellectual if you were to scoop out his brain-pan; no, not if you were to stand him on his legs and talk *geist* to him all day long. Music, say these super-spiritual persons, is a pleasure standing midway between those of the intellect and those of sense. And the very next minute they will tell you that music is the

only means we have of embodying and conveying those suggestions of the Infinite which can never be made articulate because they are as inscrutable as Uriel's eye! This comes of the want of first principles like the Rev. W. Whitman Walker's. Why, what does Mercy say, in the second part of the "Pilgrim's Progress"? "Wonderful," says she, "music in the house, music in the heart, and music also in heaven, for joy that we are here!" You observe there is music in heaven—an idea which you never heard before perhaps; and are we to be told that the cherubim have no ears as well as no substructures? By the bye, talking of Bunyan, observe how full of what you call sensuousness is that Second Part; how he dwells on the loveliness of the women, how caressing he becomes, how he lingers over their bath in the garden, how he mingles gallantry and spirituality like a troubadour, and gets up a courtship and a marriage between Matthew and Mercy. "Gaius also proceeded, and said, 'I will now speak on the behalf of the women.'" Just so; and that brings us, quite naturally, back to kissing.

It is a great pity people will not think twice. There was a natural historian who said the structure of the leech, enabling it, as it did, to take a great deal more food than was wanted at the moment, was a wonderful proof of the goodness of Providence, because man wanted an animal that *could* take a very great deal of food at once in the shape of blood. One of this writer's critics very properly retorted that the structure of the boa-constrictor was similar. Now, we are aware that boa-constrictors never kiss (though the serpent is an erotic emblem in Oriental mythology); and this is only an illustration leading up to another. In "Guesses at Truth" (guesses with a vengeance), one of the contributors of the guesses says that what makes us all so shy of talking of our love affairs is that "the body"—and he actually says it twice—"the body, the body," says he, has a share in love. Now this super-spiritual person, for want of thinking twice, has worse than paralleled the leech-and-boa trick. How is it it didn't occur to him that we feel just as shy of talking of our very highest religious emotions? It must have been, again we affirm it, from the lack of first principles. If a man believed, with the American divine to whom we have referred, that kissing is a high and a holy thing, he could never feel ashamed of having a body. Shakespeare, following a mediæval philosophy which has been since disputed by sane people, says the air is incorporeal; and, no doubt, you can blow kisses, but the blower must have lips to do it with.

This blowing of an incorporeal kiss—but we only admit the incorporeality with a reserve—reminds us of the many kinds of kisses there are in the repository. The kiss with a smack to it we do not approve of, except in burlesque moments. You may kiss with a loud report for the humour of the thing if nobody is there to hear; but the *bonâ-fide* smack, the fine old English buss, pure and simple, is for Touchstone and Audrey, for milkmaids and butcher-boys. Yet there was a poet, ridiculed in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," who made the woods of Madeira tremble to a kiss. If that means because they heard, we can only say that we would as soon bang a kettle-drum with our boots as perform such a salute. "Now then, girls," said a Down-East editor and moralist, "when you give a boy a kiss, do it properly and heartily, and don't let the sublimity of your feelings make you ridiculous." That is good—sublimity is good, as Polonius might say; and a mere faint flop of the lips is no kiss at all, though some girls are not ashamed to put you off with it. But we vehemently repudiate the buss as a barbarous institution, fit for the kitchen, or at best and highest, for the stairs and the landings. Its only merit is that it may serve to inform the chaste mistress of a house when the footman detains the maid to salute her in the middle of an errand. Let us away from these vulgarities. For even exaction is vulgar in love. The gentle kisses are the best:—

"Artemia, faintly thou respondest,
As falsely deems that fiery youth;
A god there is who knows the truth,
A god who tells me which is fondest."

One of the worst drawbacks on kissing is that, as Jasper Pidgeon says in "Meg's Diversion," it is such a short pleasure. But Mr. Browning makes a woman tell us how nature had taught her and her beloved to prolong the joy:—

"The moth's kiss, first!
Kiss me as if you made believe
You were not sure this eve,
How my face, your flower, had pursed
Its petals up; so here and there
Brush it, till I grow aware
Who wants me, and wide ope I burst.

The bee's kiss, now!
Kiss me as if you entered gay
My heart at some noonday,
A bud that dares not disallow
The claim, so all is rendered up,
And passively its shattered cup
Over your head to sleep I bow."

And, in the same poem, we have words which make the mood of these lovers divine, if anything can be divine:—

"Lie back; could I improve you?
From this shoulder let there spring
A wing; from this, another wing;
Wings, not legs and feet, shall move you!
Snow-white must they spring, to blend
With your flesh, but I intend
They shall deepen to the end,
Broader, into burning gold,
Till both wings crescent-wise enfold
Your perfect self—"

Your *perfect self*: an angel, in short; and if that is not, as Walker says, an high and an holy notion, we give up Walker. But that would only be to find out some other first principle. We should still maintain that love deserves all Mr. Coventry Patmore implies of it in this invocation of his:—

"Spirit of knowledge, grant me this:
A simple heart and subtle wit
To praise the thing whose praise it is,
That all which can be praised is it!"

That is to say, there is nothing else worth a compliment. All this—as the ploughboy said by mistake—when he was asked whether he would renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil—all this we steadfastly believe.

We also steadfastly believe that, whatever poet or humorist may innocently say for us about our love matters, all good people are shy of speech about them. The real reason, as opposed to that of the Guess in the book above referred to, we may state another time. In the meanwhile, of course, the shyness extends to kissing. Who would like to be caught in the fact?—

"'I saw you take his kiss!' 'Tis true.'
'Oh, modesty!' 'Twas strictly kept:
He thought me asleep; at least, I knew
He thought I thought he thought I slept.'"

This pretty creature, you perceive, will not even have her betrothed know that she knew that he knew that she knew she was being caressed:—

"To tryst Love blindfold goes, for fear
He should not see,"

says the same poet. And again:—

"Love's living sea, by coasts uncurbed,
Its depth, its mystery, and its might,
Its indignation if disturbed,
The glittering peace of its delight."

We never yet knew the lovers who liked to be "disturbed," as Mr. Patmore says. It usually excites the "indignation" of a pair of sweethearts if you go into the room where they are without making a rattle with the handle of the door. For it is a profound and mysterious truth that people always look stupid in the act of kissing.

The origin of kissing lies swathed in the mists of the primeval ages. We have discovered traces of the house-keeping of the stone age, and flint instruments in the drift; but we have, as yet, nothing to inform us that the prehistoric man had discovered kissing. As an invention, kissing ranks before the steam-engine, the telegraph, the lucifer-match, the fork, or the looking-glass, but it seems improbable that we shall ever be able to give its inventor a statue. That it was a man who first thought of it, we have no doubt whatever; because women never invent anything, and we must not forget their modesty. In the "Angel in the Home," the lady pretends not even to know when she is kissed; and if that be all correct, it is nonsense to suppose that kissing was a feminine inspiration. In some way, we are persuaded, it *was* an inspiration in the true sense, like language, or the use of fire; being so much better than either, it cannot, with any logical propriety, have come from any inferior source. Hence, we object to all strictly didactic modes of treating the subject, though it be open to a little affectionate criticism. Editors of a certain class of periodicals constantly receive letters from young ladies who

either which require more judgment and caution in approaching and finding (we are now speaking of a comparatively wild country), or more knowledge of habits and temperature. As a golden rule, we may lay down that one of Hawker's, and give it in his own language:—

"Most young sportsmen, and many old ones, fancy that nothing great can be done on the first day without they go out as soon as they can see to distinguish a bird from a dog. This may possibly be necessary for those who start from a town where two or three unfortunate coveys are to be contended for by half the lawyers, doctors, schoolmasters, sporting parsons, and tradesmen in the place; but under other circumstances, this is the very worst that can be adopted."

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It is not necessary here to say anything about the indispensable accomplishments of a pointer. The shooting-field is not the proper place to train a dog, and if you have a brute that breaks fence, ranges wildly, and springs, like a mad bull at a piece of red cloth, into the centre of every covey he finds, either make a present of him to some one in an adjoining parish, whose birds he may send into your grounds, or put a charge well into his blundering head; either plan will save you a good deal of temper. You must not be hard on a dog, however, for not finding quickly when birds pitch after being flushed. Unless they have begun to run about, the scent is very weak, and scarce perceptible, if the partridge goes into a ditch, or in some sedgy ground. In fact, occasionally the best dog will be at fault; and it may not be easy to find the reason. A pointer always lets you know by his demeanour whether he has made a mistake, or is the victim of a mere mischance. If guilty of the former, he slinks off to a distance, and, if called to heel, crouches towards his owner with a grovelling, crab-like movement; while, if something occurs which he cannot help, he will stand with head erect, staring after the sprung birds, and will then go to his work with an air as if determined to make up for the piece of bad luck which has befallen you and him. Unless to a gouty or rheumatic sportsman, a comparatively quick pointer is unquestionably preferable to a pottering old vagabond, who spends half his time endeavouring to save himself the trouble of quartering a field. Although there is no more innocent or simple-looking dog in the world than a pointer, if he is a rogue at all, he is the most aggravating rascal to be found. He possesses the *ars celandi artem* to perfection. Nothing

can equal the intense eagerness and anxiety he evinces when you bring him on the ground, and especially the caution he displays. This show of caution saves him lots of exertion. He is, you think, beautifully alert and conscious of the near presence of the birds; your gun is on full cock, and there is not a partridge within a mile of you. A landrail is a godsend to a scoundrel of this kind. There is an excuse for pointing it, say every minute for half an hour (you holding your breath all the time with expectance). A dog of this character (and sportsmen will recognise such brutes easily) will even come to a dead point before a field-mouse—nay, has been known to simulate his functions in closing upon even a more ignoble apology for his performances.

Wrinkles in the shooting of partridge should not be required by any one who can fire a gun. There is no easier shot as a rule, though occasionally (as in a high wind or when birds pop from a ditch over a hedge) they present a more difficult mark. The sportsman, however, should learn to bring them down neatly. In the beginning of the season, men who would face a forlorn hope are easily startled by the whirr of the sprung birds; and although they manage to pull themselves together so as not to miss outright, it is pitiable, as well as unseemly, to note perhaps one partridge riddled like a sponge, while another goes off wounded and waggling. Blazing into a covey, as it is called, is a most unsportsman-like proceeding; and taking long shots on chance is both a wanton and a stupid practice. It tends to render the birds wild, and, according to the Oakleigh Shooting Code, prevents the partridges from dispersing. By the same authority, the "extreme distance which a partridge ought not to be fired at from the first barrel should not exceed fifty-five paces when the bird is crossing, forty-five when going direct from the shooter." Although many changes have been made in fowling-pieces since this opinion was given, it is still a sound rule to go by. We may close by noting that the foregoing remarks are intended for those only who desire to enjoy partridge-shooting as a sport. The manner and conditions under which it is pursued in thick preserves are altogether different. A glutton for big bags, who is contributing to the poulterer's shop, and to the incidental amusements of a great shooting-party, would doubtless feel disgusted at the meagreness of the results to be obtained within the limits here laid down.

KISSING.

MOST people admit that kissing is nice, but many would decline to follow the Rev. W. Whitman Walker (of First Congregational Church, Connecticut) when he lays it down as an axiom that "kissing is an high and an holy thing." There was a Scotch divine who gave thanks before and after; but this looks rather as if, with the national shyness of love-matters, he supposed the act required consecration, than as if he deemed it to have in itself aught of a sacramental character. Yet if—as nearly every nation under the cope of heaven has held—the mere eating of a man's salt be sacramental, it seems somewhat arbitrary, not to say mean, to deny the same adjective to the kissing of a woman's lips. Indeed, there are portions of the extreme north of Europe in which the kiss of the maiden of the house is the accredited seal of hospitality. She takes off your stockings at night, and tucks you up with a kiss; then in the morning she comes in with the sunbeams—

"Uproos the sun, and uproos Emelye—"

and wakes you with another kiss. We forget if she puts on your stockings for you; but, at all events, we adhere, for our own part, to the dictum of the American divine. Kissing we believe to be a high and a holy—or, as he prefers to say in exalted moments—an high and an holy thing.

For many ages there has been a tendency—foreign to the West, imported into it, jarring with Occidental feelings, and producing much confusion and impurity—a tendency, we say, to run down the body. This tendency sometimes shows itself in the most ludicrous forms. When people first became a little conscious of an incongruity in their analysis, they invented, or reapplied, the word *sensuous*—a shabby and unmeaning compromise for sensual. Thus, they will have it that music is what they call a "sensuous" pleasure; apparently because we hear it with our ears, and quite forgetting that the most highly intellectual man living would not be able to be intellectual if you were to scoop out his brain-pan; no, not if you were to stand him on his legs and talk *joist* to him all day long. Music, say these super-spiritual persons, is a pleasure standing midway between those of the intellect and those of sense. And the very next minute they will tell you that music is the

only means we have of embodying and conveying those suggestions of the Infinite which can never be made articulate because they are as inscrutable as Uriel's eye! This comes of the want of first principles like the Rev. W. Whitman Walker's. Why, what does Mercy say, in the second part of the "Pilgrim's Progress"? "Wonderful," says she, "music in the house, music in the heart, and music also in heaven, for joy that we are here!" You observe there is music in heaven—an idea which you never heard before perhaps; and are we to be told that the cherubim have no ears as well as no substructures? By the bye, talking of Bunyan, observe how full of what you call sensuousness is that Second Part; how he dwells on the loveliness of the women, how caressing he becomes, how he lingers over their bath in the garden, how he mingles gallantry and spirituality like a troubadour, and gets up a courtship and a marriage between Matthew and Mercy. "Gaius also proceeded, and said, 'I will now speak on the behalf of the women.'" Just so; and that brings us, quite naturally, back to kissing.

It is a great pity people will not think twice. There was a natural historian who said the structure of the leech, enabling it, as it did, to take a great deal more food than was wanted at the moment, was a wonderful proof of the goodness of Providence, because man wanted an animal that *could* take a very great deal of food at once in the shape of blood. One of this writer's critics very properly retorted that the structure of the boa-constrictor was similar. Now, we are aware that boa-constrictors never kiss (though the serpent is an erotic emblem in Oriental mythology); and this is only an illustration leading up to another. In "Guesses at Truth" (guesses with a vengeance), one of the contributors of the guesses says that what makes us all so shy of talking of our love affairs is that "the body"—and he actually says it twice—"the body, the body," says he, has a share in love. Now this super-spiritual person, for want of thinking twice, has worse than paralleled the leech-and-boa trick. How is it it didn't occur to him that we feel just as shy of talking of our very highest religious emotions? It must have been, again we affirm it, from the lack of first principles. If a man believed, with the American divine to whom we have referred, that kissing is a high and a holy thing, he could never feel ashamed of having a body. Shakespeare, following a mediæval philosophy which has been since disputed by sane people, says the air is incorporeal; and, no doubt, you can blow kisses, but the blower must have lips to do it with.

This blowing of an incorporeal kiss—but we only admit the incorporeality with a reserve—reminds us of the many kinds of kisses there are in the repository. The kiss with a smack to it we do not approve of, except in burlesque moments. You may kiss with a loud report for the humour of the thing if nobody is there to hear; but the *bona-fide* smack, the fine old English buss, pure and simple, is for Touchstone and Audrey, for milkmaids and butcher-boys. Yet there was a poet, ridiculed in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," who made the woods of Madeira tremble to a kiss. If that means because they heard, we can only say that we would as soon bang a kettle-drum with our boots as perform such a salute. "Now then, girls," said a Down-East editor and moralist, "when you give a boy a kiss, do it properly and heartily, and don't let the sublimity of your feelings make you ridiculous." That is good—sublimity is good, as Polonius might say; and a mere faint flop of the lips is no kiss at all, though some girls are not ashamed to put you off with it. But we vehemently repudiate the buss as a barbarous institution, fit for the kitchen, or at best and highest, for the stairs and the landings. Its only merit is that it may serve to inform the chaste mistress of a house when the footman detains the maid to salute her in the middle of an errand. Let us away from these vulgarities. For even exaction is vulgar in love. The gentle kisses are the best:—

"Artemia, faintly thou respondest,
As falsely deems that fiery youth;
A god there is who knows the truth,
A god who tells me which is fondest."

One of the worst drawbacks on kissing is that, as Jasper Pidgeon says in "Meg's Diversion," it is such a short pleasure. But Mr. Browning makes a woman tell us how nature had taught her and her beloved to prolong the joy:—

"The moth's kiss, first!
Kiss me as if you made believe
You were not sure this eve,
How my face, your flower, had pursed
Its petals up; so here and there
Brush it, till I grow aware
Who wants me, and wide ope I burst."

The bee's kiss, now!
Kiss me as if you entered gay
My heart at some noonday,
A bud that dares not disallow
The claim, so all is rendered up,
And passively its shattered cup
Over your head to sleep I bow."

And, in the same poem, we have words which make the mood of these lovers divine, if anything can be divine:—

"Lie back; could I improve you?
From this shoulder let there spring
A wing; from this, another wing;
Wings, not legs and feet, shall move you!
Snow-white must they spring, to blend
With your flesh, but I intend
They shall deepen to the end,
Broader, into burning gold,
Till both wings crescent-wise enfold
Your perfect self——"

Your *perfect self*: an angel, in short; and if that is not, as Walker says, an high and an holy notion, we give up Walker. But that would only be to find out some other first principle. We should still maintain that love deserves all Mr. Coventry Patmore implies of it in this invocation of his:—

"Spirit of knowledge, grant me this:
A simple heart and subtle wit
To praise the thing whose praise it is,
That all which can be praised is it!"

That is to say, there is nothing else worth a compliment. All this—as the ploughboy said by mistake—when he was asked whether he would renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil—all this we steadfastly believe.

We also steadfastly believe that, whatever poet or humorist may innocently say for us about our love matters, all good people are shy of speech about them. The real reason, as opposed to that of the Guess in the book above referred to, we may state another time. In the meanwhile, of course, the shyness extends to kissing. Who would like to be caught in the fact?—

"'I saw you take his kiss!' 'Tis true.'
'Oh, modesty!' 'Twas strictly kept:
He thought me asleep; at least, I knew
He thought I thought he thought I slept.'"

This pretty creature, you perceive, will not even have her betrothed know that she knew that he knew that she knew she was being caressed:—

"To tryst Love blindfold goes, for fear
He should not see,"

says the same poet. And again:—

"Love's living sea, by coasts uncurbed,
Its depth, its mystery, and its might,
Its indignation if disturbed,
The glittering peace of its delight."

We never yet knew the lovers who liked to be "disturbed," as Mr. Patmore says. It usually excites the "indignation" of a pair of sweethearts if you go into the room where they are without making a rattle with the handle of the door. For it is a profound and mysterious truth that people always look stupid in the act of kissing.

The origin of kissing lies swathed in the mists of the primeval ages. We have discovered traces of the house-keeping of the stone age, and flint instruments in the drift; but we have, as yet, nothing to inform us that the prehistoric man had discovered kissing. As an invention, kissing ranks before the steam-engine, the telegraph, the lucifer-match, the fork, or the looking-glass, but it seems improbable that we shall ever be able to give its inventor a statue. That it was a man who first thought of it, we have no doubt whatever; because women never invent anything, and we must not forget their modesty. In the "Angel in the Home," the lady pretends not even to know when she is kissed; and if that be all correct, it is nonsense to suppose that kissing was a feminine inspiration. In some way, we are persuaded, it *was* an inspiration in the true sense, like language, or the use of fire; being so much better than either, it cannot, with any logical propriety, have come from any inferior source. Hence, we object to all strictly didactic modes of treating the subject, though it be open to a little affectionate criticism. Editors of a certain class of periodicals constantly receive letters from young ladies who

ask, anonymously, for instruction upon the subject of kissing. When may a girl submit to be kissed by a gentleman? When, if ever, may she kiss back again? What is the difference in symbolic value (in the way of encouragement) between a kiss on the lips and a kiss on the cheek? The editor, if he is wise, as he usually is, never goes beyond an occasional negative. If he is asked whether Lily of the Valley may kiss her young man in Fleet-street, he says "No;" but, for the rest his answers usually refer girls to the rule of thumb in the human heart. With definite instructions for kissing—like instructions for carving, or the use of the slide-rule or the reconnoiterer—we have little patience; at least we should if we ever saw them. We have heard a connoisseur affirm that kissing should begin with dalliance upon the loved one's under-lip. He professed to have got this out of the Troubadours, but we do not care if he did. You cannot dictate inspiration. Sam Slick, who was wise, says "Natur' teaches that air;" and, indeed, the only excuse for interfering with so serious a subject is that Nature is so often perverted or forbidden to teach. There must be as many right and proper ways of kissing as there are couples who love each other. One only thing we will say here—Nature has not taught any one the whole beauty of kissing who has not learnt the sweetness of the forehead kiss—not the kiss on the forehead (which is good for aunts and grandmothers), but the kiss of two foreheads, brow to brow. This, to make a neat triad, is chaste in conception, simple in execution, and delightful to the feelings, when kissing is toward.

The question of *where* you might, could, should, or would kiss is of course endless. We have seen a girl kiss a dog's nose. The kiss of kisses is for the lips, but cheeks are good. One of the very nicest kisses in recent literature is that which Tom Worboise, in "Guild Court," gives his cousin on the shoulder. But one remembers the moralist who lately informed us that a lady at an evening party now disclosed more to everybody than formerly a wife was understood to disclose to her husband in twenty years of married life. Tastes differ, and facts are difficult to transfix. Yet this is what Mr. Robert Browning makes a woman say:—

"This poor wretched body, grim and gaunt,
Was kissed all over till it burned,
By lips the truest Love e'er turned
His heart's own tint."

But this is probably very immodest, for the same reason that Mr. Kingsley's exquisite "Saint's Tragedy" is, according to another moralist, "an indecent book."

We have reached the threshold of our subject, but, alas! also the end of our space—nay, we are on the other side of it. We have a deal to say about first kisses, last kisses, accustomed kisses, and girls who never have been kissed (if such girls there were), but we are reluctantly compelled to postpone the further consideration of—as the Rev. Cornelius Butterbrain says—this most momentous, most interesting, and most encouraging theme! In doing so, we fall back upon the American divine, and affirm once more that kissing is an high and an holy thing. If you had asked Undine when she awoke with a soul, she would have said so: if Fouqué had been such a fool as to let her deliver an abstract proposition. And who should know if not she? It would be as easy to write a Kiss Philosophy of the Universe as a Clothes Philosophy.

MILLIONAIRES.

DID we venture to suggest the application of a thing so noble to a use so vile, we should say that a millionaire might be made the most impressive of lessons to discontented poverty—meaning by millionaire an individual who claims our veneration solely on the score of his money. A passing contact with supercilious wealth ruffles us, but it ought to soothe us too. But if persons in difficulties really desire to lay in a good working stock of practical philosophy, let them neglect no opportunity of cultivating any of those moneyed magnates whose loftier spheres may chance to touch their own. Association with the plutocrats who oppress society by sheer weight of gold will be scarcely bought too dear even should you have to pay for it in some slight sacrifice of pride, perhaps of self-respect. The draught will doubtless be bitter, as tonics are, but it is a bracing one. Its effects on the mind will be worth whole volumes of sermons on the root of evil, whole chapters of philosophical theorizing on wealth and poverty as mere different accidents of our earthly lot.

Of course it is no easy matter for men of dubious income to

force their way into the fastidious precincts of a society that intrenches itself from the masses of the poverty-stricken world behind its money-bags. That to be rich is to be respectable is the first article of faith with those born, not in the purple, but in the cloth of gold. They imbibe it with their mother's milk, and from their childhood on to their riper years they have it borne in on them by each circumstance of their surroundings, by each incident of their daily lives. But it is the honest ambition of arriving at magnificent wealth that calls into play each lofty aspiration that can give an impulse to the nerveless nature of fallen man. It follows logically that poverty is, to say the least of it, disreputable, and very possibly criminal as well. It would betray an utter laxness of principle to show any sort of cordiality to one who has fallen so miserably short of the chief end of his being. He best realizes the duty he owes at once to himself and to his poorer neighbour who marks his sense of the moral and material degradation of the latter by systematically cold-shouldering him. Surely if anything can stir any torpid virtue that may lie dormant in the pauper's breast, if anything can stimulate him to strive after the profits and pleasures of mixing with wealth in the future, it is the friendly firmness that debars him from the delights of its society in his present unregenerated state. But as few of us, whatever our station in life, have the full courage of our principles, so from time to time even the richest are forcibly impelled into contact with the poor. A city Cæsus must rub shoulders with some scores of beggars if he choose to walk eastwards to his office; and even in moneyed circles a decent coat and a hypocritical air of being well-to-do may introduce a man of very limited means indeed. Doubtless it would be very desirable if you could hit upon some crucial test as to a guest's financial qualification when he presents himself for admission. But it would seem scarcely practicable to return a schedule of your present and contingent property, duly sworn to, along with your note accepting a conditional invitation, or to deposit with your host's porter, the day before you are asked to dine with him, a table of the balances at your banker's during the past year. So plausible impostors and impoverished connections and dependants of the family will intrude themselves upon Dives. The last, indeed, are not always unwelcome, as they help to swell his triumph as they grovel at his feet. The former are his *bêtes noires*, but thus men of moderate means do find occasion to cultivate the philosophy we recommend them. Brought close to the golden grapes that seemed so seductive from a distance, they see the blemishes in the fruit, and can comfort themselves with the conviction that they really are exceedingly sour.

Very rich men keep themselves, as a rule, so much to themselves that a casual intruder is likely to see them in a specially unfavourable light. He blends with the party as a Roman Catholic priest among a knot of Orangemen met to toast the immortal memory, or an outsider with the *habitués* of some ultra-exclusive club that he has stumbled into by mistake. Even then, however, he may see symptoms that indicate that millionaires do occasionally make attempts at unbending among themselves. But as the art of doing so has probably lain dormant in the family for a couple of generations, since its founder, *à la* Whittington, came to town with his hopes and his cat, it is not to be wondered at that the well-intended effort should be a failure, and that their unpractised gambols should remind one of dray-horses turned out of a summer evening. But it is always interesting to mark Nature crop out where you would least expect her, and it knits classes closer in the common sympathies of our nature to see that men so highly placed share in our weaknesses. It is a pleasing spectacle, that of Dignity's ungainly efforts to unbend, but it is a rare one. Virtue is seldom altogether untinted by jealousy, and even among those eminently respectable men there is a ceaseless struggle for the pre-eminence that makes them pause and hesitate before they venture on letting themselves down. When their gravity of deportment is the outward and visible sign of their wealth—a sort of invoice to those chests of bullion and piles of bank-notes that they cannot drag about with them everywhere—it is impossible to abdicate it for a moment without the risk of fatally compromising their character. When there is an unmistakable Colossus standing high above all rivalry, other giants magnify their own pretensions in glorifying his. But when the magnates are pretty much of a size, each individual is separately on the defensive. They push habitual taciturnity to morose reserve, or jerk conventional common-places at each other's heads. They wear an air of repelling suspicion, slightly dashed by defiance. Perhaps their best chance of easy fellowship and a thoroughly pleasant evening is a discussion on investments in general, a criticism on the past Budget, or speculations on the forthcoming one; or, better

still, a burst after some wretched pauper, whom they turn down for the evening sport, and open on in full cry. It is astonishing the spirit with which they hunt a thing so mean; but, after all, to compare great things with small, does not the flower of the English counties burst the best blood of our English horses for the brush of a miserable fox? But it is when a former companion, fallen from his former high estate, comes up for judgment that his former friends are the most genially pitiless. They precipitate themselves on him like a band of wolves on a wounded fellow, and he is lucky indeed if they leave him a stray shred of character to make a figleaf for himself and his misfortunes.

We suspect that we of the commons do much towards the spoiling of this aristocracy of wealth. If we snarl at them behind their backs, we are apt to truckle to them to their faces, and we invite their superciliousness by tolerating or humbly deprecating it. The rich man of every class—hereditary Dives or *nouveau riche*—preserves very much the same type. You might imagine that a life of grubbing after gold, stooping over ledgers and day-books, would give a bend to the back; but generally you see the head well thrown in reverse, and the chin held high in air. Be the nose Roman, Grecian, or snub, the nostrils are always expanding themselves in a comprehensively contemptuous sniff that acts on the spectator's temper like a spark on tinder, and this we are inclined to attribute to the incense which many of us will burn for our wealthy acquaintances wherever they go. Perhaps the manners of the members of old City families grate upon you the most. With them, too, the intense self-consciousness of a bloated prosperity is exuding at every pore, and tainting their whole demeanour, while, at the same time, they are gentlemen by birth and education, and you feel that they have just escaped being so in manner. Ostentation of any sort is vulgar, of course, and pride of money especially so; but yet you see that these men make shipwreck on priggism rather than on vulgarity. They might rub it off too, did they mix more in general society. But it seems a fixed law of nature, and the exceptions do but prove the rule, that every millionaire shall marry his cousin, and no money shall leave the family. The field of choice widens, as the connection grows and expands, and the same names, features, weaknesses, vulgarities, and vices increase and multiply in the family set.

As for self-made men, they are far too much at one's mercy, too open to ridicule, to excite one's deeper passions. One bold charge, and you tilt the golden calf over in the dust. As we limited our definition of millionaire, so we speak only of those self-made men who would make themselves offensive on the strength of their self-made money. The energy that has raised a man in life is, generally speaking, proof enough that few of the people he meets can afford to look down on him. It is only when, abusing his success, he swaggers in the pride of it over those who have been less fortunate than himself, or who have been following some less lucrative line of life, that we feel disposed to be pitiless for him. And the most overbearing of men are precisely those who owe their rise to their luck and not to their merit,—men who have had happy ideas when all the commercial world has gone mad, and who have thrown all scruples overboard in following them out; spoilers of widows and orphans, who work up finance companies, draw fabulous commissions, and withdraw from the direction with heavy pockets and blighted characters—if, indeed, that can be blighted which always was rotten to the core. Better a dinner of herbs—if we could fancy such a thing on their table—with the distantly hospitable representatives of grim old City houses, than turtle and dry champagne with the wreckers of the storm of '66.

POPULAR MORALITY.

UNREFLECTING persons would be apt to think that popular morality is a safe standard for the discrimination between good and evil. So little leisure has the world of busy men to question what is taught it, that acquiescence in the verdict of public opinion is far more common than the formation of independent judgment. Yet almost the first thing which strikes the student on opening the pages of philosophy is the extraordinary degree to which opinions differ in different ages, especially on the subject of moral right and wrong. Examples of this are so frequent and familiar that it would be needless to dwell much upon them. The views now held about international duty, slavery, and the position of women are perhaps among those which are in most striking conflict with the ancient theories on the same subjects. A comparison between ancient and modern laws would be instructive for the same pur-

pose, for law merely expresses, though it always lags slightly behind, prevalent opinion. So strongly has this relativity, so to speak, of moral opinions been felt, that some thinkers have been led by utter despair to assert that there is no absolute difference between right and wrong at all: a doctrine which finds its fullest expression in the theory of Helvetius, that self-love is the lever of all our mental activities, and that the only correct system of morals is that which derives the duties of men from self-love.

Thoughtfully examined, however, the history of popular morality does not exhibit such an entire arbitrariness as we are at first led to imagine. There is a considerable parallel between popular morality and private conscience. Each man, no doubt, has a "reflective principle" within him whereby he is enabled to appreciate the distinction between good and evil; and, if conscience were limited to this, it would no doubt be a thoroughly reliable guide. As it is, on a large number of questions the consciences of all men give the same judgment. But over and above this faculty, each man attaches to himself as accretions a number of moral precepts derived from his particular education or circumstances which colour and qualify the judgments passed by his conscience. It is in this way that conscience is apt to lead men astray. So with popular morality, there is a general feeling which condemns actions obviously evil, and praises those obviously disinterested and good; but there is a wider margin of actions, involving a conflict of principles, where a nicer discrimination is required than the rough popular sense of justice can provide. It is in these cases, of very frequent occurrence, that circumstances of time, place, or prejudice interfere. Thus, popular morality gives verdicts which are inconsistent, and often defy scrutiny. Against murder, theft, and similar offences, where the injury inflicted on society by the precedent is very clear, popular morality has always been very strong. Just as these classes of offence were earliest punished by law, so they would be earliest looked on as moral offences. A violation of the rights of individuals is always strongly resented; nor is a man who has been guilty of the grosser crime of drunkenness looked upon with half the reprobation which is showered upon the starving woman who has stolen half a yard of cloth.

There is, again, a strong feeling on all sides against filial ingratitude, because every one is clearly liable, in the course of his life, to be ill-treated by his own son. Though fixed on these and certain other points, however, popular morality is very changeable and inconsistent in other directions. Many men who would stand aghast if you suggested to them to take a shilling out of another man's pocket would not scruple to take a half-fare ticket for a child really over the age fixed for such abatement; yet, on reflection, it is impossible to deny that the theft in the latter case is as flagrant and deliberate as it is in the former. The number of acknowledgments which the Chancellor of the Exchequer has to make annually for the receipt of unpaid income-tax is significant of the feeling with which Government claims are regarded. But why is the claim of the community looked upon as less imperative than that of the individual? The only explanation of this eccentricity seems to be that the tradition in favour of just dealing towards an individual is older than that in favour of justice towards a community. In truth, such a thing as difference of opinion in moral questions is to be accounted for in this way, that there is no recognised standard whereby to measure the worth of actions. Advocates of Utilitarianism have endeavoured to supply one, but have failed to carry conviction widely. Ordinary men, when told that they are to seek not their own happiness, but the greatest happiness of the greatest number, are apt to inquire why they are bound to seek for other men what no one is entitled to seek for himself.

Gradually, however, the duty of regulating actions by regard to the common good has been more widely recognised, and thus more kinds of actions have been reclaimed from the uncertainty with which they were regarded. Till they are so reclaimed, and stamped on rational grounds with sanction or disapproval, the most varied impulses guide the judgment of popular morality, such as superstition, the accidents of history, or fancied similarity to other cases where a verdict has been already pronounced. Men frequently argue by analogy from old to new cases, but analogies are the most arbitrary things in the world, indeed, wholly different conclusions may be drawn from the same analogy. The kind of conclusion which popular morality draws in each particular case depends upon social custom. Thus, habit is the soul of popular morality. With habit for her guide, it is no marvel that popular morality leads to the most startling doctrines; direct stealing, for example, is regarded as a most heinous offence, though it not unfrequently proceeds from want, whereas the extravagance of a man who reduces

himself to bankruptcy is regarded as little worse than an amiable weakness. Indeed, if a man in that situation surrenders all his means to his creditors, without attempt at concealment, his conduct is often styled honourable: so apt are men to forget that theft may be either direct or indirect, and that the man who lives beyond his means is as great a rogue as the shop-lifter.

The attitude of popular morality towards religion is very characteristic of its uncertainty. Whatever be the theory which most people hold on the subject, there is no doubt but that popular morality is a very different thing from popular religion. The course of legislation in a country like England represents more or less faithfully the growth of popular morality, and few would care to say that the precepts of law are in all cases reconcilable with the precepts of religion. In fact popular morality, while professing with perfect sincerity the fiction that it is founded on religion, really makes innovations upon it, just as much as any fresh decision in Equity is an extension beyond the precedents on which it professes to be based. The kernel, so to speak, of religious instruction is the aspect which it gives of our duty towards God and our duty towards our neighbour; the principle which it lays down is enforced and illustrated in a thousand ways both by example and by precept, but it is not to be supposed that an exhaustive catalogue of possible situations is provided. Popular morality, however, misunderstands religious injunctions. Instead of taking the principle, and in each case that may arise awarding approval or disapproval with reference to it, in which way alone it could justify its pretensions to being based upon religion, it fixes its attention mainly on the illustrations. The consequence is that in judging of any new case it argues by analogy from the particular duties for which it has warrant. A remarkable instance of the conflict between religion and popular morality is provided by the social recognition of such a thing as a "white lie." Nothing could be more repugnant to the spirit of religion than such deception, but it is excused by its convenience.

When popular morality appears to be so unphilosophical, it may fairly be asked what is the value of its verdict. In answering this question a distinction must be made between its value as a criterion of good or evil, and its value as a stimulus to propriety of conduct among the unlettered. It would be a great calamity if reflecting persons were to be deprived of the privilege of criticising and overriding the judgment of public opinion on such matters; but, on the other hand, some such influence as that of popular morality is necessary to curb the selfishness of the uneducated, whose only aim is their own aggrandisement, and whose only desire in subverting established morality would be to escape the consequences of their own evil actions. With such persons the fear of publicity and of general disapproval is a considerable detriment, nor do the minor inaccuracies and pieces of injustice of which popular morality is guilty so much signify. The great thing is that they should have a tolerable idea of the lists of virtues and vices generally recognised, and a wholesome dread of the disapproval consequent upon ill doing. Dispassionately considered, however, the list of virtues and vices which public morality is in the habit of sanctioning is often unsatisfactory. There is a decided respect of persons or absence of impartiality about it. The recognition of codes of honour is an instance of right being sacrificed by public opinion to the convenience of a class. No one could have ever pretended that for two men to fight a duel was conducive to the greatest happiness of the greatest number of human beings, but it was no doubt held to be conducive to the greatest happiness of a class. Such inconsistencies are happily becoming less common, but still there is a great deal of this spirit prevalent. The value of popular morality lies not in the impartiality of its judgments, but in the fact that it supplies a stimulus to propriety of conduct among the masses.

An interesting archaeological discovery has been made in a railway cutting at Pont de Pierre, not far from Châlons-sur-Saône. At three feet below the surface of the ground a group of thirteen skeletons were found in a narrow space, and wonderfully preserved. They seem to be the bones of full-grown men who had died in battle. The skeleton of a woman has been discovered among the others. Between the jaws of one of the dead was found an obolus, which the friend of the defunct had no doubt slipped in to enable the departed to pay his fare to Charon. A coin, very much defaced, but still seen to bear the effigy of the Emperor Gordian, was also picked up among these remains, which leads to the conclusion that 1,700 years have elapsed since they were there interred.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Duke of Abercorn has been starring it at the Londonderry Cattle Show. His Grace was, of course, made "free" of the maiden city, and interchanged compliments—mutually eulogistic—with the Mayor and the other Orangemen of Londonderry. It would appear from the speeches of the Mayor and Lord-Lieutenant that his grace's dukedom was intended as a special favour to Ulster and Orangedom. The peace and prosperity of Ireland were never more flourishing than at present, according to vice-regal testimony. His Grace seemed conveniently forgetful of the fact that the Habeas Corpus Act is suspended in Ireland; that the city of Londonderry itself was recently the scene of riot and outrage, caused by the electioneering supporters of his son, Lord Claud John Hamilton; and that the land murders in Tipperary are the most alarming that have been perpetrated for many years. The Cattle Show itself was the worst that has been held since the famine. It was almost confined to exhibitions of stock from four counties in Ulster. Most of the great Irish breeders of stock were absent, and sent no specimens to Londonderry. In some classes the animals were scarcely as numerous as the prizes. But notwithstanding the miserable failure of the show, everything assumed a rose colour—shall we say an Orange tint—in the ducal eyes. His Grace held a reception at the palace of the bishop, Dr. Alexander, who recently preached before the Apprentice Boys Clubs on the Orange anniversary. It is significant that four Alexanders are on the election committee of Lord Claud John Hamilton. The name of the governor of the Apprentice Boys is on the same committee.

ELECTION intelligence from Ireland looks hopeful for the Liberal party. Dungarvan has been solicited by a Mr. Matthews, of the independent Opposition order, but his reception showed he had not the slightest chance of coping with Mr. Charles Barry, a consistent and earnest Liberal. There are, it is said, gangs of English barristers traversing Ireland at present, in the hope of dropping into neglected boroughs, and, but for the fact of the supply of native members being in excess of the demand, the barristers would have better fortune. Most of these gentlemen believe in making fools of a few eccentric priests, and in constructing ingenious addresses of a comprehensive and intangible character. We shall doubtless have scores of books from them during the season.

THOSE theatrical Franco-maniacs who believe, or affect to believe, that no performance in England can equal a similar performance in Paris, should go to the old Vaudeville Theatre and see the French version of "No Thoroughfare." The piece, we believe, has been turned into French by Mr. Fechter, although the fact is not stated in the playbills, and for some equally mysterious reason the name of Mr. Wilkie Collins is entirely omitted. We are not in the secrets of all the collaboration which goes into the manufacture of a Christmas number of *All the Year Round*, but, judging from internal evidence, we should say that Mr. Wilkie Collins had more to do with the construction and writing of "No Thoroughfare" than Mr. Dickens. The piece has been bodily transferred to the Parisian stage without any attempt having been made at adaptation, the scenery and characters having been more faithfully copied than is usual in French translations. The opening scene in the Foundling Hospital is given with the original sacred music, and it is curious to see how much a number of French boys are like English boys. The general acting of the piece is far below the English level. Nothing equal to the force and pathos of Mrs. Billington is achieved by the French representative of the mother seeking her child; and the four principal parts, represented by MM. Berton, Parade, Desrieux, and Mdlle. Cellier, are not acted with the power thrown into them by Mr. Fechter, Mr. Webster, Mr. H. Neville, and Miss Carlotta Leclercq. M. Berton, an actor of acknowledged reputation, is both violent and tame as the Swiss villain—violent when he should be calm, and colloquial when he should be intense. The audience, misled by the actors, laughed at the most serious portions of the drama—more particularly at the scene in the Swiss Inn, which created the greatest sensation in London. Here the actors, doubtless acting on a false theory, were disgustingly familiar, while in the previous scene, in which the two rivals quarrel for the possession of Marguerite, they roared like wild beasts in a cage five minutes before feeding time. The scenic arrangements are very good for a French

theatre, which is saying a great deal; but the Alpine scene is not equal to the same scene at the Adelphi. The old Vaudeville Theatre will be demolished next October to make way for certain Parisian improvements, and no one will regret the change. In a city of badly-ventilated, badly-decorated, and ill-lighted theatres, the old Vaudeville has always stood prominent. Paris has much to learn from Berlin in the matter of theatres as well as in implements of warfare.

A NEW American tragedian, named Fairclough, has appeared at the Lyceum Theatre in the difficult character of Hamlet. In appearance and size he is something like the late Mr. Elton, but his reading has more of the measured grace of Kemble than the fire of Kean. He is thoughtful, intelligent, and not young, and has very few Transatlantic peculiarities of pronunciation. As a tragedian he wants fire; as an actor he may be very useful.

THE long vacation at Eton College will terminate on Wednesday, the 23rd of September, with the return of the lower boys. The fifth and sixth forms will come on the two succeeding days. The principal building work during the recess is the adding another story to the "old Christopher," now in the occupation of the Rev. F. Vidal, as an extension to his boarding-house. The greatly increasing number of pupils at Eton—now about 900—necessitates the enlarging of accommodation in every possible manner.

THE *Rock* is worth studying. It is not at all a stupid paper like the *Record*, and it uses a sort of controversial flail with an ability worthy of a better cause. But the correspondence admitted into its columns is a treat to a philosophic mind. Read this, for example, and imagine the class of people who are born or made to swallow it:—

"A PAGAN'S OPINION OF ROMAN CATHOLICISM,
PRIESTS, AND NUNS.

"TO THE EDITOR OF 'THE ROCK.'

"SIR,—A few years ago, when living near Calcutta, I was one day thus accosted by a young native of Benares—What is your religion? Answer: Christian. Reply: Cannot be Christian, very bad. What you worship, image?—Oh, no; God and Jesus Christ, His Son. Little book, called Bible, God's Word, says must not worship image. Pagan: Two kind of Christian?—No; only one. He then seemed to think for a few moments, and said: Are other Christian same as us, worship image? very bad men, very bad women. He then described the priests who dress in the same manner as the French, also the nuns. Two days after I happened to meet a Jesuit of my acquaintance. The priests in India are all Jesuits. I mentioned to him what the Pagan had said. He replied: Image-worship is the worst part of our religion. Then, I said, you admit your religion is in part bad. He became very red, and, turning on his heel, said—Oh you take me up too quick. He never would speak to me again. The young Pagan commenced the study of the Bible.

THE Tregony Church case, which was for so many months before the courts of law, and ultimately before the House of Lords, has now passed its final stage, an important principle of ecclesiastical law having been settled. The Rev. Mr. Marshall, the patron of the rectory of Tregony-with-Cuby, Cornwall, presented to it in 1858 the Rev. Mr. Reid, whose "letters" were not, in the opinion of the Bishop of Exeter, sufficiently countersigned by bishops, although they were duly signed by three beneficed clergymen to whom Mr. Reid was known. The Bishop of Exeter refused to institute him, and took no further notice of the matter, but at the close of six months claimed the living by reason of lapse, and collated to it the Rev. J. H. C. Borwell, a curate of the diocese. The patron took proceedings against the Bishop, and the Court of Common Pleas held that the Bishop had no right to interfere with the patron's privilege; that what the Bishop asked for in the way of testimonials he was not warranted in insisting upon, and that he improperly refused Mr. Reid institution. The case went to the House of Lords, and their lordships, acting upon the opinion of the judges, decided that the Court of Common Pleas was right. Mr. Reid has now, therefore, just been admitted to the living after ten years' litigation, the patron having, after that long struggle, secured his legal right of presentation.

THE *South-Eastern Gazette*, in its Rochester and Chatham column, tells the following story of a *fracas* in a church:—Just before the commencement of divine service at St. Mar-

garet's Church on Sunday morning, some surprise was caused among the congregation who witnessed the occurrence at a *fracas* between the clerk and sexton of the parish and the pew-opener at the church. It would appear that a lengthened course of legal proceedings have been for some time past in progress between Kingsford, who now holds the offices of clerk and sexton of the parish, against P. Weller, the former clerk and sexton, to deprive him of those offices, which he had held for a great number of years. The result of the proceedings has terminated in Kingsford taking the clerkship and sextonship of the parish, while Weller, the former holder, has been deprived not only of his means of livelihood, but has been actually driven to bankruptcy. A considerable amount of sympathy for Weller and indignation against Kingsford is accordingly felt in the parish, the church committee still employing the late clerk and sexton as pew-opener, and for other purposes connected with the church, and refusing to recognise his successor. On Sunday, Weller was in the act of escorting the officiating clergyman to the reading-desk, when Kingsford attempted to prevent his doing so, on which Weller either struck or pushed him down the steps leading to the reading-desk. The occurrence, just before the commencement of divine service, has given much pain to those who witnessed it. One of the congregation has, we are informed, since laid the circumstances before the bishop of the diocese, in order that he might interfere to prevent such an unseemly occurrence again.

THE *Annual of Public Instruction*, published at Madrid, contains some interesting details of the national libraries in Spain. The number of volumes contained in those establishments is 1,166,595, spread over the capital and the provinces; the library of Madrid alone contains 300,000; that of the Central University, 300,000; of Barcelona, 136,000; and of Salamanca, 55,000. There are similar institutions, not only on the continent, but in the Balearic and Canary Isles; that of Palma and Majorca contains 35,000 volumes, and that of Mahon nearly 11,000. As to the archives, the entire history of the country, of its customs, and political life, may be said to be represented in them; there are 70,278 packets of papers in the old palace of Simancas, 35,000 at Alcala de Henares, 34,000 in the archives of the Crown of Aragon, and 97,000 in the national historical record office. At Valentia, Corunna, and Majorca there exists an immense number of papers, manuscript volumes, account books, and parchments preserved with care, and which show the interest Spain has never ceased to take in written monuments and serious studies. The same publication contains also some indications concerning the general state of instruction in the Peninsula and the adjacent islands. There are 27,000 infant schools, attended, according to the last census, by 1,500,000 children; 77 institutions for training teachers, and five for the deaf and dumb or blind. With respect to secondary instruction, there are two establishments of the first class, 16 of the second, 32 of the third, and 14 local institutions. There are 10 universities for teaching theology, law, medicine, pharmacy, the sciences, literature, and philosophy. In addition to those there are several special schools, of which 11 are for the fine arts, one for music and declamation, two for manufactures, one for diplomacy, five for commerce, 17 for navigation; also 29 boarding schools and 118 private establishments. The Budget of Public Instruction amounts to 22,428,090 reals, but the sums raised for the same object in the provinces and the communes increase the total amount expended on educational purposes to 110,000,000 of reals.

THE *Bulletin de l'Instruction Primaire* supplies the following particulars relating to the state of education in France:—"According to information furnished by the prefects 293,214 young men were called on this year to draw for the conscription. Of that number 60,266 could neither read nor write, 7,059 could read only; 219,087 were able to do both; whilst in the case of 6,802 the amount of education could not be ascertained. From these figures it appears that 20½ per cent. of the conscripts of 1866 were completely illiterate; last year the proportion was 23 per cent. If the returns of 1868 are compared with those of the last thirty-five years the following results are obtained:—In 1833, the period at which primary instruction was organized in all the communes of France, the proportion of illiterate conscripts was 48·8 per cent., and in 1853 34·39 per cent., making in the space of twenty years an improvement of 14·44 per cent. From 1850 to 1863 the ratio further decreased from 34·39 per cent. to 28·21 per cent., the amelioration during that time being equal to 6·18 per cent.; between 1863 and 1868 the figure

again declined from 28.21 to 21.04 per cent.; so that during this latter period the progress reached 7.17 per cent. It has been this year superior to the average of the five, as the proportion of illiterate conscripts has diminished by 1.5 per cent. in place of 1.43 per cent.

THE return showing the expenditure from the Poor-rates on in-maintenance and outdoor relief in England and Wales in the half-year ending at Lady-day, 1868, states that it amounted to £2,626,466,—viz., £788,351 for in-maintenance, and £1,838,115 for out-door relief, being an increase of 6.8 per cent. over the expenditure in the corresponding half of 1867. Owing to the absence of returns from some places it is probable that the real expenditure in both periods was nearly 1 per cent. greater than these figures represent. Wheat, flour, and bread were dearer in the half-year ending at Lady-day, 1868, than in the half-year ending at Lady-day, 1867; but meat was cheaper. Comparing these two half-years, the returns show that in the later (ending at Lady-day, 1868) the increase of expenditure over the earlier was 12.3 per cent. in the West Riding and in Worcestershire, 11.3 per cent. in Derbyshire, 10.7 in Staffordshire, 10.6 in Bedfordshire, and 10 per cent. in Lancashire. On the other hand, the increase did not exceed 2 per cent. in Hampshire, Cheshire, and Cumberland, and was less than 1 per cent. in Cambridgeshire and Warwickshire, and in Huntingdonshire there was a small decrease. In the metropolis there was an increase of 10.9 per cent. in so much as lies in Surrey, and 9.1 in that portion which is in Middlesex; but in the small part which is in Kent there was a slight decrease, leaving the increase for the whole of the metropolitan districts 8.7 per cent.

THE last Act of Parliament passed in the late session was an important measure. Its object was to provide better dwellings for artisans and labourers by improving or taking down places occupied by working men and their families which in the preamble were described as "unfit for human habitation." Numerous public improvements are being effected; and in the neighbourhood where they are being executed wretched homes for the working men present themselves. Premises can now be represented by four or more householders, and officers of health are to report, and, when required, the owners are to improve the dwellings, or to demolish the same. Where expenses are incurred, a charge is to be given on the property, in the shape of a mortgage and an annual sum to be paid. Where a local authority executes the works, money may be borrowed of the Public Loan Commissioners and others, and a "charging order" made on the property. The text of the new law is to make provision for taking down or improving dwellings occupied by working men and their families which are unfit for human habitation, and for the building and maintaining of better dwellings. In forty-one sections and several schedules the text is worked out.

THE following circular has been addressed to officers of the Indian army, now on leave, who propose to elect, or have elected the Furlough Rules of 1868:—

"I am directed by the Secretary of State for India in Council to inform you that the following arrangements have been made with regard to the application to the Furlough Rules of 1868 to the officers of the Indian army now on leave in Europe, viz.:—(a) Officers now on furlough, or sick leave, shall be allowed to elect the new rules, and to convert their present leave into such furlough as their service may entitle them to. (b) That those who on 1st July had not completed six months' absence be allowed, from that date, to draw half their total receipts, subject to the maximum and minimum limits. The pay of those who have received Indian allowances and half staff for any period beyond the 1st July to be adjusted accordingly. (c) That those who had exceeded six months' absence on 1st July be allowed to draw half their Indian pay and allowances from that date. (d) In those cases in which it is not possible to determine whether half staff salary is available for officers on leave, it is to be understood that final adjustment of salary will be made on return to India. An election once made of the Furlough Rules of 1868 is to be considered final, and on no plea whatever will an officer be afterwards released from his choice. The Accountant-General's department of this office have received instructions to adjust, on the next issue of pay, the allowances of such officers as elect the present rules in accordance with the above-mentioned decisions."

On the subject of treating railway guards, "An Old Railway Guard" gives the following sensible caution to passengers against ill-timed generosity:—"Having had many years' expe-

rience as a railway guard in charge of passenger trains, I beg respectfully to make a few remarks upon the dangerous practice of passengers asking guards to drink at the various refreshment rooms when they are in charge of trains. It has often come under my notice that passengers with mistaken kindness ask the guard of their train to drink with them. The temptation sometimes being too great, he will first have a glass with one, and then with another, and, of course, does not continue his journey with a clear head to act in any emergency. I have known it in many cases to be the cause of the guard losing his situation, and sometimes his life. I do not make this statement as a total abstainer, but as a temperate man."

MR. STUART WORTLEY, in writing a second time to the *Times*, on the subject of his connection with the Crédit Foncier Company, says:—

"I am now confirmed in my former statements that I had never received from the Crédit Foncier Company any sum even approaching £18,000, as alleged by your false correspondent. The directors had no salaries nor board fees unless they attended. The commission we received was calculated strictly upon rates that were from time to time deliberately sanctioned after discussion at the public meetings, and upon profits which I then believed, and still believe, to have been actually earned for the benefit of the company. On one occasion I refused to accept and returned a sum of money sent me, and calculated as commission on profits accrued while I was still on the direction, but when I had been necessarily absent from temporary illness. I have now also seen the letter recently published from my friend and colleague, Mr. John Westmoreland, and, concurring from the first with his view and that of Mr. Lane, I have always been willing, and still am prepared, to surrender any portion of my receipts as a director, of which not only any court of law or equity might compel the payment, but which any properly-constituted tribunal of honour or commercial integrity might hold to be due from us."

A RATHER novel step was taken last week for testing the sense of the hands in the employment of Messrs. John Crossley & Sons, carpet manufacturers, Halifax, on the question of shortening the hours of labour on Saturday. Out of the 5,000 hands employed by the firm a very large proportion are paid by the piece, and it was by no means certain that these, as a body, approved of a reduction in the hours. However, the firm issued tickets for a ballot. Upon the vote of the white ticket was the issue—"The mill doors to be closed at 6.5 a.m., with fines for late comers as usual; at 9 o'clock with fines to 9.5 a.m.; and at 2 o'clock with fines to 2.5 p.m.; and to stop at 1 o'clock on Saturdays. The fines to go to the sick club." Number voted, 3,971. Issue on the blue ticket—"No change as to closing doors, and working till 2 p.m. on Saturdays." Number voted, 664. Majority for the change, 2,307. The change commences at once.

THE *Cork Examiner* reports the death of an old lady named Margaret Roche, who died at Buttevant, after having reached the authenticated age of 112 years. Mrs. Roche was, for her age, of quite remarkable physical vigour, and had been up to the access of her brief death-sickness engaged in customary domestic duties. She retained entire possession of all her faculties to the last, and died calm and collected. Her reminiscences extended into the middle of the last century. The principal events at this period she held in intelligent remembrance, and loved to converse on. The memorable year '82, with the national agitation which attended the volunteer movement, she remembered distinctly, and of '93, the events of the great French revolution, and of '98, she talked as if they had only ended last January. Of the latter convulsion she retained an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, having been an eyewitness of some of the chief incidents which mark it. Mrs. Roche was in receipt of a pension from the family of Sir D. J. Norreys, for services rendered three-quarters of a century ago.

THE cultivation of the cinchona in Jamaica is beginning to occupy the attention which its importance demands. Mr. Thompson, in his circular, has confirmed what has been said on the natural capabilities of Jamaica for the production of this invaluable plant, to which a correspondent adds:—"The subject at this moment is of immense importance, from the fact that the supplies of bark from South America are gradually diminishing. It would be sheer waste of time and capital to attempt to cultivate the varied species of the cinchona in the island, for some would not yield a sufficiency of quinine to repay expenses of cultivation. Those, then, which

contain larger amounts of the vegetable alkaloid should be introduced. And they are the *Cinchona cansaya*, and *Cinchona rubra*. In these quinine exists in excess. Mr. Thompson's estimate of the annual yield is rather low. From what has fallen under the writer's observation, he is inclined to anticipate a larger yield. But this will of course depend on the fertility and height of the locality selected. The febrifugal properties of the cinchona bark are increased in proportion to the degree of moisture the foliage derives from the mists surrounding elevated mountains. To select localities favourable for this purpose the botanist's attention should be directed to such districts as Stoneyhill and Newcastle; the mean heights of which range from 1,800 to 2,500 feet above the level of the sea, and are only about nine to ten miles distant from Kingston. These districts are physically fertile and humid. From a small sample of bark (of the *Cinchona rubra*) cultivated in the Botanical Gardens at Bath, Jamaica, a large amount of pure quinine was obtained by the writer, with a very small proportion of the allied alkaloid-cinchonine. It is to be hoped that the gentlemen who are now so advantageously conducting the political affairs of the island will give every support in their power in furtherance of the cultivation of one of the most useful plants in our *materia medica*."

A DUEL was fought on Sunday at Vesinet, near St. Germain, between M. Paul de Cassagnac, of the *Pays*, and M. Lissagaray, editor of a journal called the *Avenir*, published in the Gers, which lays itself out to oppose the re-election of M. Granier de Cassagnac for that department. The challenge came from M. Lissagaray, who sent two seconds to Paris to call M. Paul de Cassagnac out on account of an article in the *Pays* of August 24. A discussion between the seconds took place as to which was the offended party and which had the choice of arms. A compromise was effected, in pursuance of which the duel was fought with foils the buttons of which were taken off. M. Lissagaray had said the case was one which, in his opinion, could only end in the death of one of the parties. It is but too probable that these conditions of the encounter will have been realized to his own extinction. After a quarter of an hour's fighting, conducted with great *acharnement* (that is, a hot desire on both sides to do execution), M. Paul de Cassagnac ran M. Lissagaray through the lungs. The foil being extremely slim left scarcely any perceptible wound, and the flesh closing on the orifice, only allowed a few drops of blood to issue. But M. Lissagaray fainted away. The surgeons in attendance pronounced the wound so serious that the duel must be at an end, and although M. Lissagaray made some convulsive efforts to go on, he was carried off the ground. He now lies in Paris in an extremely dangerous state. His adversary, M. Paul de Cassagnac, who has been brought up by his father to the trade of duelling, and is such an accomplished swordsman that few men who never in their lives had a sword in their hands would stand before him if they knew what a risk they ran, has lately refused to fight duels. It is only fair in this case to remember that he was the challenged party.

THE following telegram has been received from the Monte Videan correspondent of the *Brazil and River Plate Mail*, dated Monte Video, July 30:—

"Humaita was occupied by the allies on the 25th inst.; 200 guns and a quantity of stores were taken! Lopez withdrew, the remains of the garrison (4,000 strong) crossing to the Chaco, where, being exposed to a running fire from some ironclads, Caxias suspended firing to send a flag of truce offering terms of capitulation. The Brazilian ironclads passed Humaita, cutting six chains laid across the river Parana. Humaita was ordered to be razed. Banks closed; all suspended in virtue of a Government decree and guarantee, with legislative sanction, and depositing with a Government board securities for issue."

MAZZINI has addressed the following letter to the Committee of the Association for the Mutual Succour of the Italian Volunteers at Sampierdarena:—

"Brothers,—I accept with lively gratitude the honour of being named your honorary president. You have combated bravely in the national battles, and the valour and courage displayed deserved that the results arising from them should be more completely worthy of the past and future grandeur of Italy. You have nevertheless rendered some services. To you, volunteers, is principally due that the form of national unity has been obtained. A last campaign remains for you, in order to gain the great central point of the new State, and the watchword for that struggle will be 'Rome.' But remember that you cannot make a conquest of it between two enemies if you are unprovided with a base of action or are without war material. You must

be the advanced guard of the nation now emancipated and mistress of her own powers. Any other attempt, after Aspromonte and Mentana, would be a fault and a folly. Prepare and organize yourselves, that the country may seize on the occasion when it offers. It will arise unexpectedly; and should be taken advantage of without delay. Adieu, believe me your brother.—G. MAZZINI."

THE *Epoca* of Madrid contains a curious article on the subject of fodder in Spain, by Señor de Merlo. He says there are many plants in Spain which have not yet been sufficiently turned to account in agriculture, especially for cattle. Vine leaves, for instance, constitute an excellent fodder; yet, although the vine, with very few exceptions, is cultivated all over Spain, its leaves are entirely neglected. They contain a great deal of nourishing juice, and many millions of cwt. of valuable food might thus be provided for cattle. Jerez and Valdepenas alone cultivate 50 millions of vines. The total amount of leaves throughout the peninsula may be calculated at 1,600,000,000lb., 400 millions of which fall to the share of Andalusia, 500 millions to Castille, 200 millions to Catalonia, and the remainder to the other provinces. The refuse of grapes would double the above quantity of fodder. The leaves ought to be gathered before they begin to shrivel round the border, that is, about the time when the grapes have acquired a certain plumpness, and require the full rays of the sun to ripen them. Immediately after shipping the wines, the leaves should be stacked, so as to induce a slight fermentation, by means of which their juice, which is somewhat acid, is converted into sugar. Señor Merlo quotes the example of the department of the Rhone, in France, where the people feed an immense number of goats with vine leaves, which greatly improve the quality of the milk used for making cheese, a valuable article of exportation in that country. They promote the fermentation of the leaves by watering them. To preserve the latter for the winter they are spread out on straw, and sprinkled with salt; successive layers of leaves and straw are piled up in this way, and will thus keep a long while. The author recommends the same process for the leaves of the olive and other plants.

THE following unique piece of fine-art criticism is credited to the Washington correspondent of the *Chicago Post*:—

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again declined from 28.21 to 21.04 per cent.; so that during this latter period the progress reached 7.17 per cent. It has been this year superior to the average of the five, as the proportion of illiterate conscripts has diminished by 1.5 per cent. in place of 1.43 per cent.

THE return showing the expenditure from the Poor-rates on in-maintenance and outdoor relief in England and Wales in the half-year ending at Lady-day, 1868, states that it amounted to £2,626,466,—viz., £788,351 for in-maintenance, and £1,838,115 for out-door relief, being an increase of 6.8 per cent. over the expenditure in the corresponding half of 1867. Owing to the absence of returns from some places it is probable that the real expenditure in both periods was nearly 1 per cent. greater than these figures represent. Wheat, flour, and bread were dearer in the half-year ending at Lady-day, 1868, than in the half-year ending at Lady-day, 1867; but meat was cheaper. Comparing these two half-years, the returns show that in the later (ending at Lady-day, 1868) the increase of expenditure over the earlier was 12.3 per cent. in the West Riding and in Worcestershire, 11.3 per cent. in Derbyshire, 10.7 in Staffordshire, 10.6 in Bedfordshire, and 10 per cent. in Lancashire. On the other hand, the increase did not exceed 2 per cent. in Hampshire, Cheshire, and Cumberland, and was less than 1 per cent. in Cambridgeshire and Warwickshire, and in Huntingdonshire there was a small decrease. In the metropolis there was an increase of 10.9 per cent. in so much as lies in Surrey, and 9.1 in that portion which is in Middlesex; but in the small part which is in Kent there was a slight decrease, leaving the increase for the whole of the metropolitan districts 8.7 per cent.

THE last Act of Parliament passed in the late session was an important measure. Its object was to provide better dwellings for artisans and labourers by improving or taking down places occupied by working men and their families which in the preamble were described as "unfit for human habitation." Numerous public improvements are being effected; and in the neighbourhood where they are being executed wretched homes for the working men present themselves. Premises can now be represented by four or more householders, and officers of health are to report, and, when required, the owners are to improve the dwellings, or to demolish the same. Where expenses are incurred, a charge is to be given on the property, in the shape of a mortgage and an annual sum to be paid. Where a local authority executes the works, money may be borrowed of the Public Loan Commissioners and others, and a "charging order" made on the property. The text of the new law is to make provision for taking down or improving dwellings occupied by working men and their families which are unfit for human habitation, and for the building and maintaining of better dwellings. In forty-one sections and several schedules the text is worked out.

THE following circular has been addressed to officers of the Indian army, now on leave, who propose to elect, or have elected the Furlough Rules of 1868:—

"I am directed by the Secretary of State for India in Council to inform you that the following arrangements have been made with regard to the application to the Furlough Rules of 1868 to the officers of the Indian army now on leave in Europe, viz.:—(a) Officers now on furlough, or sick leave, shall be allowed to elect the new rules, and to convert their present leave into such furlough as their service may entitle them to. (b) That those who on 1st July had not completed six months' absence be allowed, from that date, to draw half their total receipts, subject to the maximum and minimum limits. The pay of those who have received Indian allowances and half staff for any period beyond the 1st July to be adjusted accordingly. (c) That those who had exceeded six months' absence on 1st July be allowed to draw half their Indian pay and allowances from that date. (d) In those cases in which it is not possible to determine whether half staff salary is available for officers on leave, it is to be understood that final adjustment of salary will be made on return to India. An election once made of the Furlough Rules of 1868 is to be considered final, and on no plea whatever will an officer be afterwards released from his choice. The Accountant-General's department of this office have received instructions to adjust, on the next issue of pay, the allowances of such officers as elect the present rules in accordance with the above-mentioned decisions."

On the subject of treating railway guards, "An Old Railway Guard" gives the following sensible caution to passengers against ill-timed generosity:—"Having had many years' expe-

rience as a railway guard in charge of passenger trains, I beg respectfully to make a few remarks upon the dangerous practice of passengers asking guards to drink at the various refreshment rooms when they are in charge of trains. It has often come under my notice that passengers with mistaken kindness ask the guard of their train to drink with them. The temptation sometimes being too great, he will first have a glass with one, and then with another, and, of course, does not continue his journey with a clear head to act in any emergency. I have known it in many cases to be the cause of the guard losing his situation, and sometimes his life. I do not make this statement as a total abstainer, but as a temperate man."

MR. STUART WORTLEY, in writing a second time to the *Times*, on the subject of his connection with the Crédit Foncier Company, says:—

"I am now confirmed in my former statements that I had never received from the Crédit Foncier Company any sum even approaching £18,000, as alleged by your false correspondent. The directors had no salaries nor board fees unless they attended. The commission we received was calculated strictly upon rates that were from time to time deliberately sanctioned after discussion at the public meetings, and upon profits which I then believed, and still believe, to have been actually earned for the benefit of the company. On one occasion I refused to accept and returned a sum of money sent me, and calculated as commission on profits accrued while I was still on the direction, but when I had been necessarily absent from temporary illness. I have now also seen the letter recently published from my friend and colleague, Mr. John Westmoreland, and, concurring from the first with his view and that of Mr. Lane, I have always been willing, and still am prepared, to surrender any portion of my receipts as a director, of which not only any court of law or equity might compel the payment, but which any properly-constituted tribunal of honour or commercial integrity might hold to be due from us."

A RATHER novel step was taken last week for testing the sense of the hands in the employment of Messrs. John Crossley & Sons, carpet manufacturers, Halifax, on the question of shortening the hours of labour on Saturday. Out of the 5,000 hands employed by the firm a very large proportion are paid by the piece, and it was by no means certain that these, as a body, approved of a reduction in the hours. However, the firm issued tickets for a ballot. Upon the vote of the white ticket was the issue—"The mill doors to be closed at 6.5 a.m., with fines for late comers as usual; at 9 o'clock with fines to 9.5 a.m.; and at 2 o'clock with fines to 2.5 p.m.; and to stop at 1 o'clock on Saturdays. The fines to go to the sick club." Number voted, 3,971. Issue on the blue ticket—"No change as to closing doors, and working till 2 p.m. on Saturdays." Number voted, 664. Majority for the change, 2,307. The change commences at once.

THE *Cork Examiner* reports the death of an old lady named Margaret Roche, who died at Buttevant, after having reached the authenticated age of 112 years. Mrs. Roche was, for her age, of quite remarkable physical vigour, and had been up to the access of her brief death-sickness engaged in customary domestic duties. She retained entire possession of all her faculties to the last, and died calm and collected. Her reminiscences extended into the middle of the last century. The principal events at this period she held in intelligent remembrance, and loved to converse on. The memorable year '82, with the national agitation which attended the volunteer movement, she remembered distinctly, and of '93, the events of the great French revolution, and of '98, she talked as if they had only ended last January. Of the latter convulsion she retained an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, having been an eyewitness of some of the chief incidents which mark it. Mrs. Roche was in receipt of a pension from the family of Sir D. J. Norreys, for services rendered three-quarters of a century ago.

THE cultivation of the cinchona in Jamaica is beginning to occupy the attention which its importance demands. Mr. Thompson, in his circular, has confirmed what has been said on the natural capabilities of Jamaica for the production of this invaluable plant, to which a correspondent adds:—"The subject at this moment is of immense importance, from the fact that the supplies of bark from South America are gradually diminishing. It would be sheer waste of time and capital to attempt to cultivate the varied species of the cinchona in the island, for some would not yield a sufficiency of quinine to repay expenses of cultivation. Those, then, which

contain larger amounts of the vegetable alkaloid should be introduced. And they are the *Cinchona cansaya*, and *Cinchona rubra*. In these quinine exists in excess. Mr. Thompson's estimate of the annual yield is rather low. From what has fallen under the writer's observation, he is inclined to anticipate a larger yield. But this will of course depend on the fertility and height of the locality selected. The febrifugal properties of the cinchona bark are increased in proportion to the degree of moisture the foliage derives from the mists surrounding elevated mountains. To select localities favourable for this purpose the botanist's attention should be directed to such districts as Stoneyhill and Newcastle; the mean heights of which range from 1,800 to 2,500 feet above the level of the sea, and are only about nine to ten miles distant from Kingston. These districts are physically fertile and humid. From a small sample of bark (of the *Cinchona rubra*) cultivated in the Botanical Gardens at Bath, Jamaica, a large amount of pure quinine was obtained by the writer, with a very small proportion of the allied alkaloid-cinchonine. It is to be hoped that the gentlemen who are now so advantageously conducting the political affairs of the island will give every support in their power in furtherance of the cultivation of one of the most useful plants in our *materia medica*."

A DUEL was fought on Sunday at Vesinet, near St. Germain, between M. Paul de Cassagnac, of the *Pays*, and M. Lissagaray, editor of a journal called the *Avenir*, published in the Gers, which lays itself out to oppose the re-election of M. Granier de Cassagnac for that department. The challenge came from M. Lissagaray, who sent two seconds to Paris to call M. Paul de Cassagnac out on account of an article in the *Pays* of August 24. A discussion between the seconds took place as to which was the offended party and which had the choice of arms. A compromise was effected, in pursuance of which the duel was fought with foils the buttons of which were taken off. M. Lissagaray had said the case was one which, in his opinion, could only end in the death of one of the parties. It is but too probable that these conditions of the encounter will have been realized to his own extinction. After a quarter of an hour's fighting, conducted with great *acharnement* (that is, a hot desire on both sides to do execution), M. Paul de Cassagnac ran M. Lissagaray through the lungs. The foil being extremely slim left scarcely any perceptible wound, and the flesh closing on the orifice, only allowed a few drops of blood to issue. But M. Lissagaray fainted away. The surgeons in attendance pronounced the wound so serious that the duel must be at an end, and although M. Lissagaray made some convulsive efforts to go on, he was carried off the ground. He now lies in Paris in an extremely dangerous state. His adversary, M. Paul de Cassagnac, who has been brought up by his father to the trade of duelling, and is such an accomplished swordsman that few men who never in their lives had a sword in their hands would stand before him if they knew what a risk they ran, has lately refused to fight duels. It is only fair in this case to remember that he was the challenged party.

THE following telegram has been received from the Monte Videan correspondent of the *Brazil and River Plate Mail*, dated Monte Video, July 30:—

"Humaita was occupied by the allies on the 25th inst.; 200 guns and a quantity of stores were taken! Lopez withdrew, the remains of the garrison (4,000 strong) crossing to the Chaco, where, being exposed to a running fire from some ironclads, Caxias suspended firing to send a flag of truce offering terms of capitulation. The Brazilian ironclads passed Humaita, cutting six chains laid across the river Parana. Humaita was ordered to be razed. Banks closed; all suspended in virtue of a Government decree and guarantee, with legislative sanction, and depositing with a Government board securities for issue."

MAZZINI has addressed the following letter to the Committee of the Association for the Mutual Succour of the Italian Volunteers at Sampierdarena:—

"Brothers,—I accept with lively gratitude the honour of being named your honorary president. You have combated bravely in the national battles, and the valour and courage displayed deserved that the results arising from them should be more completely worthy of the past and future grandeur of Italy. You have nevertheless rendered some services. To you, volunteers, is principally due that the form of national unity has been obtained. A last campaign remains for you, in order to gain the great central point of the new State, and the watchword for that struggle will be 'Rome.' But remember that you cannot make a conquest of it between two enemies if you are unprovided with a base of action or are without war material. You must

be the advanced guard of the nation now emancipated and mistress of her own powers. Any other attempt, after Aspromonte and Mentana, would be a fault and a folly. Prepare and organize yourselves, that the country may seize on the occasion when it offers. It will arise unexpectedly; and should be taken advantage of without delay. Adieu, believe me your brother.—G. MAZZINI."

THE *Epoca* of Madrid contains a curious article on the subject of fodder in Spain, by Señor de Merlo. He says there are many plants in Spain which have not yet been sufficiently turned to account in agriculture, especially for cattle. Vine leaves, for instance, constitute an excellent fodder; yet, although the vine, with very few exceptions, is cultivated all over Spain, its leaves are entirely neglected. They contain a great deal of nourishing juice, and many millions of cwt. of valuable food might thus be provided for cattle. Jerez and Valdepenas alone cultivate 50 millions of vines. The total amount of leaves throughout the peninsula may be calculated at 1,600,000,000lb., 400 millions of which fall to the share of Andalusia, 500 millions to Castille, 200 millions to Catalonia, and the remainder to the other provinces. The refuse of grapes would double the above quantity of fodder. The leaves ought to be gathered before they begin to shrivel round the border, that is, about the time when the grapes have acquired a certain plumpness, and require the full rays of the sun to ripen them. Immediately after shipping the wines, the leaves should be stacked, so as to induce a slight fermentation, by means of which their juice, which is somewhat acid, is converted into sugar. Señor Merlo quotes the example of the department of the Rhone, in France, where the people feed an immense number of goats with vine leaves, which greatly improve the quality of the milk used for making cheese, a valuable article of exportation in that country. They promote the fermentation of the leaves by watering them. To preserve the latter for the winter they are spread out on straw, and sprinkled with salt; successive layers of leaves and straw are piled up in this way, and will thus keep a long while. The author recommends the same process for the leaves of the olive and other plants.

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of this remarkable ocean contest has been watched in shipping circles with much interest. The gold ships now on their way from Australia are the *Wave of Life*, with £101,576; the *Lincolnshire*, with £279,468; the *White Rose*, with £192,500; the *Woolloomooloo*, with £15,000; the *Flying Cloud*, with £30,540; the *Sir John Lawrence*, with £8,848; and the *E. P. Bouverie*, with £32,000—total, £659,932. During the month of August the sum of £225,000 has been paid to the credit of the Secretary of State for India in Council, on account of the capital of the Punjab Railway, the proprietors of shares in the undertaking having to a large extent availed themselves of the privilege of paying the amount of their shares in full. Messrs. Mocatta & Goldsmid make the following remarks on the bullion market in their fortnightly circular:—"There has been no animation in bar silver since our last, and the price has declined to 60½d., with but little inquiry. Mexican dollars have been in limited demand for China, and in the absence of arrivals there have been a few importations from the Continent. The price has in consequence gradually advanced from 58¾d. to 59¾d., but this latter rate is by no means to be relied on. The Maria Theresa dollars (about £600,000) from Abyssinia, have all been disposed of at 54½d. per oz. The French exchange has advanced to a point which would nearly admit of our receiving gold from Paris, though possibly the rise may be arrested before any such importation takes place; but of course, under the circumstances, all the gold which comes to hand is taken to the Bank. The American exchange, on the other hand, has considerably fallen, and a quantity of \$5 pieces, which arrived about a fortnight ago, was immediately sent back. There does not appear yet to be sufficient margin to render the export of gold to the States profitable, though there seems to be an impression in some quarters that this may before long be the case." With respect to the market for American securities, Messrs. Satterthwaite & Co. report as follows:—"The principal dealings in American securities on the London market have again been in Erie shares, which have experienced a further decline of more than \$2, closing 30½ to 31, the lowest official quotation of the week having been 29½. Very large importations have been received from New York, and the holdings on this side now form a considerable portion of the common stock capital. Illinois Central shares at 91½ to 92 show a decline since our last of ½ per cent., but at this quotation they are firm. United States Government Securities have been influenced daily by the quotations from New York; 5-20 Bonds of 1862 leave off 71½ to 72; 1865's, 70½ to 71; and the 10-40 Bonds, 66½ to 67 ex coupon. For Illinois Central Sterling Redemption and Pennsylvania Second Mortgage Bonds there is a continued demand, but very few come to market. There has been a decline in Atlantic and Great Western Consolidated Bonds and Debentures. The Divisional Mortgage Bonds are inactive.

THE *Investors' Guardian* gives the following list of companies lately registered:—Liverpool Standard Newspaper and Printing, capital £2,500, in £5 shares; Bryn-y-stwith Lead Mining, capital £15,000, in £2 shares; Robert Cook & Co., capital £25,000, in £25 shares; Circulating Library, capital £10,000, in £5 shares; United Wallaroo and Moonta Mines of Australia, capital £1,000,000, in £10 shares; Sutton Coldfield Royal, capital £10,000, in £10 shares; Birchall Hall Iron, capital £5,000, in £10 shares. Information has been received that the Chevalier d'Afenheim, Director-General of the Imperial Royal Lemberg-Czernowitz Railway Company, and representative of an English and Austrian committee—including Mr. Brassey as the principal contractor—has finally arranged with the Roumanian Government the concession for the extension of the Lemberg-Czernowitz and Luczawa line to Jassy and Batlerschau, and that the works are already in operation. The Roumanian Government has guaranteed 7½ per cent. of the sum required for construction, viz., 230,000f. per kilometre, and has also bound itself to take shares in the undertaking equivalent to 40,000f. in cash per kilometre. Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co. have introduced for the Moscow-Jaroslavl Railroad Company a loan of £1,920,000 sterling in bonds bearing 5 per cent. interest, at 78 per cent., the interest and sinking fund being permanently and unconditionally guaranteed by the Imperial Government of Russia. This railway, when completed, will measure 262 versts (175 miles); and it is the shortest communication from the Volga, through Moscow, with the interior provinces of Russia. The first portion of 66 versts, from Moscow to Serguevski, was opened in 1863, and a dividend of 7½ has been paid upon it, and the receipts are increasing.

The Company have hitherto issued no bonds, and the Imperial Government guarantees both principal and interest on the sum now to be issued for the construction of the 196 versts remaining to complete the line, specially allotting for that purpose an annual sum of 615,600 metallic roubles. The new laws issued by the Austrian Government for the prevention of a recurrence of the rinderpest have been promulgated by the Minister of the Board of Trade at Vienna. From these it appears that great precautionary measures have been taken with reference to the importation of cattle from the Russian and Roumanian frontiers, which, although stringent, are considered indispensably necessary, as the importations from Roumania alone, according to a statistical return just prepared, amount annually to 30,658 oxen, 74,506 sheep, 3,508 pigs, and 2,882 horses and mules, while it is assumed that, through the introduction of the new railway from Jassy to the Austrian frontier of Suczawa, and thence to the northern ports of Europe, these imports will greatly increase in magnitude, independently of the exports from Russia.

THE directors of the United Kingdom Electric Telegraph Company have resolved to recommend the declaration of the following dividends for the past half-year at the ensuing meeting—namely, at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum on the 10 per cent. preference, at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on the 6 per cent. preference, and at the rate of 2 per cent. per annum on the ordinary shares, leaving £137 to be carried forward. The half-yearly meeting of the shareholders in the London General Omnibus Company was held on the 1st inst. at the offices, Finsbury-square. The report presented stated that in pursuance of the articles of association, the dividends remaining unclaimed for the years 1861 and 1862 have been forfeited and carried to the credit of profit and loss account. The profit and loss account showed that the revenue account for the half-year gave a profit of £7,058. 2s.; the interest and dividends on investment account produced £968. 9s.; unclaimed dividends forfeited, £268. 7s.—together making an available total of £8,294. 18s., out of which it was proposed to declare a dividend of 1s. per share, equal to 2½ per cent. per annum, free of income-tax,—absorbing £7,602. 14s., and leaving a balance to be carried forward to the next account of £692. 4s. The first annual report of the Monarch Permanent Land, Building, and Investment Society states the total income of the undertaking for the year at £84,946; the sum advanced on mortgage at £83,736; and the balance of profit at £4,750. Interest at the rate of 5 per cent. has been paid upon the fully paid-up shares. At an extraordinary general meeting of the shareholders of the London Clerks' Club (Limited), held on the 31st ult., a resolution for a voluntary winding-up was unanimously adopted, and Mr. Alfred Good, accountant, was appointed liquidator. The directors of the Birmingham Small Arms Company (Limited) have issued their report for the half-year. They recommend a dividend at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum for the half-year ending June 30, leaving a balance of £1,217. 8s. 11d. to be carried forward to the next account. The proposed dividend of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway Company is at the rate of 4½ per cent. per annum, against 5 for the corresponding period of 1867. It is understood that the directors in this country of the Atlantic and Great Western Railway have now received from America the requisite papers and powers for the completion of the proposed arrangement for the Consolidated Mortgage Bonds, and that application will at once be made to the committee of the Stock Exchange for their quotations excoupons. The gross revenue of Ireland in the financial year ending with March, 1868, amounted to £6,843,300, an increase of £22,568 over the revenue of the previous year. The receipt from Customs' duties increased from £2,141,000 to £2,146,000; the Excise receipts decreased from £3,393,000 to £3,376,000; the receipts from stamps increased from £571,459 to £591,971; Income-tax from £359,593 to £362,580; Post-office from £319,554 to £330,357; miscellaneous, from £36,125 to £36,390. The net produce paid into the Exchequer increased from £6,122,125 to £6,176,390. The expenditure of the Exchequer in Ireland for the army in the financial year 1867-68 was £6,560,000, an increase of £535,000 over the expenditure in the previous year. The expenditure of the Exchequer in Ireland for miscellaneous civil services increased from £1,495,152 to £1,594,524.

WE are informed that for the convenience of readers in remote parts of the country, and abroad also, the proprietors of the *Pall Mall Gazette* intend to issue a new weekly publication, which shall comprise a collection of all the principal articles printed in the *Pall Mall* from day to day.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE POPE AND THE CHURCH.*

It is the misfortune of that party in the Church which has grown out of the Oxford movement that it finds itself disowned both by the Church whence it derives its authority and by that of which it pretends to be a part. The position of a Protestant is clear and defined, so that it is impossible to mistake it. It rests upon the Scriptures for its doctrine, and on certain Acts of Parliament—we speak of Protestants who are members of the Church of England—for its government. So also the position of the Roman Catholic is clear. He accepts the Church as an infallible teacher, with a hierarchy rising through many gradations till it centres in the Bishop of Rome. The High Church party, using the term in the sense in which it is employed by the author of this volume, as denoting that section of English Churchmen who are commonly called Puseyites, hold a position which is neither Protestant nor Roman Catholic, but which aims at enjoying the advantages of both. As far as doctrine goes, they would be Roman Catholics; as far as government is concerned, they would like to remain their own masters. To those who desire it, there are obvious advantages in such a position if it could be made good. It could be held without involving secession from a Church time-honoured by the English nation, which many even of those Protestants who do not accept its ministrations would be unwilling to overthrow, and to which their most deep-rooted associations make them cling. But can it be made good? It certainly appears to be the fact that a clergyman can hold office in the Church of England, partake of her funds and of the social status she confers upon her ministers, while holding doctrines diametrically opposed to those she teaches, and that there is either no law which can depose him, or no means of putting it in motion. So far then, and so long as this state of things is allowed to last, it is possible that a clergyman should profess very nearly the whole of the Roman Catholic creed, and still continue a priest of the Church of England. But is that which is possible by defect of law reconcilable to conscience? The extent to which men may delude themselves with the belief that they are doing what is right, though every one else pronounces them in the wrong, is well known, and it would be unfair to accuse them of being conscious of their error. Still it ought to have great weight with the High Church party that the vast majority of English Churchmen repudiate them, and that the Roman Catholic Church will not recognize their claim to communion. "Were Dr. Pusey," writes Father Bottalla, "and the whole High Church party to receive the Catholic doctrines of Transubstantiation, of Purgatory, of Devotion to the Blessed Virgin, of the Immaculate Conception, &c.; were they to hold all the Catholic dogmas as explicitly as the schismatic Greek Church—they would be substantially no nearer to the true Church of Christ, so long as they denied the claims of the Bishop of Rome. The true Church of Christ is one body: hence no one can be a member of the body unless he be subject to the visible head which rules over the body." But this is precisely the point at which the High Church party stop. To some extent they will recognise the claims of the Bishop of Rome. They concede him a primacy, not of power but of order. He may hold rank over other bishops, but not jurisdiction. It is here that the party find themselves in a cleft stick. The Pope will be satisfied with nothing less than jurisdiction. If they concede it there is an end of their position as Anglicans. They reject the royal supremacy and accept that of the Bishop of Rome. They lay down their arms and surrender. The effect of such a concession is apparent from a passage which Father Bottalla quotes from Mr. Palmer's "Treatise on the Church of Christ," in which he says—"The doctrine of the primacy of the Bishop of Rome over the Universal Church is the point on which all other controversies between the Roman and the other Churches turn; for if our Lord Jesus Christ instituted any official supremacy of one bishop in the whole Catholic Church, to endure always, and if this supremacy be inherited by the Bishop of Rome, it will follow that the Catholic Church is limited to the Roman Communion; and that the councils, doctrines, and traditions of that communion are binding on the whole Christian world." Again, our author quotes from Dr. Harold Browne, the present Bishop of Ely, this passage, which occurs in his lordship's Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles:—"If once the supreme authority of the Roman Patriarch is conceded, all other Roman doctrines seem

to follow as of course. And so it will probably be found that all converts to the Roman Church have been led to it from a conviction of the necessity of being in communion with the Supreme Pontiff, not from persuasion of the truth of particular dogmas." Father Bottalla accepts both these statements as correct. "We gladly admit," he says, "that Mr. Palmer and Dr. Browne have well understood, and fairly state, the full bearing of the matter in controversy. For, in truth, the capital question between Catholicism and its opponents turns entirely on the Pope's primacy of divine right over the universal Church." This is true and not true. It is true so far that the moment a Protestant admits such a primacy he is bound to accept the teaching, whatever it may be, which proceeds upon its authority; and in this sense Father Bottalla's position may be admitted as absolutely true. But there are opponents and opponents. A Protestant, as the term is popularly understood, would say, and truly, that his difference with the Church of Rome turns upon a great many points besides the Papal supremacy. On the other hand, Dr. Pusey and his followers have proceeded so far in the assimilation of their doctrines with those of Rome that there is only this bone of contention left.

Looking, then, at this book as part of the controversy between Roman Catholicism and Anglican Catholicism, we are bound to say, in the first place, that its temper is dispassionate, and in the next that it challenges Dr. Pusey upon admissions which he has made without seeing in what consequences they could involve him. He has, in the "Eirenicon," professed a willingness, nay, a longing to see the Church united upon terms which Bossuet would have sanctioned. Hear how Father Bottalla fixes him on this:—

"The very leaders of Gallicanism, to whom so bold an appeal is made, unanimously held the doctrine of all the Fathers on this subject. Bossuet, in his 'Exposition de la Doctrine Catholique,' says:—'Le Fils de Dieu ayant voulu que son Eglise fût une, et solidement bâtie sur l'unité, a établi et institué la Primauté de S. Pierre pour l'entretenir et la cimenter. C'est pourquoi nous reconnaissons cette même Primauté dans les successeurs du Prince des Apôtres, auxquels on doit pour cette raison la soumission et l'obéissance que les Saints Conciles et les Saints Pères ont toujours enseignée à tous les fidèles.' And he adds:—'Si les auteurs de la Réformation prétendue eussent aimé l'unité, ils n'auraient ni aboli le gouvernement épiscopal, qui est établi par Jésus-Christ même, et que l'on voit en vigueur dès les temps des apôtres, ni méprisé l'autorité de la Chaire de Saint Pierre qui a un fondement si certain dans l'Evangile, et une suite si évidente dans la Tradition: mais plutôt ils auraient conservé soigneusement et l'autorité de l'Episcopat, qui établit l'unité dans les églises particulières, et la primauté du siège de Saint Pierre, qui est le centre commun de toute l'unité Catholique.' Bossuet both in the above-mentioned 'Exposition,' and in the 'Defensio Declarationis Cleri Gallicani,' declares that the doctrines he had set forth concerning the Apostolic See in the earlier work were dogmas of Catholic faith; and he again insists in the latter book that 'the primacy of St. Peter was established in the Church for the defence and support of unity;' and that 'the Apostolic See is the centre and the root of that unity.' Nay, more, Bossuet rejected the error of Du Pin, and stigmatized it in the severest terms, as contrary to the Catholic faith. Let us hear how the great Bishop of Meaux spoke of this suspected doctor of the Sorbonne in his 'Memoire' to the Chancellor of France. 'Dans l'abrégé de la discipline notre auteur (Du Pin) n'attribue autre chose au Pape sinon que l'Eglise Romaine, fondée par les Apôtres S. Pierre et S. Paul, soit considérée comme la première entre tous les évêques, sans attribuer au Pape aucune juridiction sur eux, ni dire le moindre mot de l'institution divine de sa Primauté; au contraire, il met cet article au rang de la discipline qu'il dit lui-même être variable. . . . Une des plus belles prérogatives de la Chaire de S. Pierre, la Chaire principale, où tous les fidèles doivent garder l'unité, et comme l'appella S. Cyprien, la source de l'unité sacerdotale. C'est une des marques de l'Eglise Catholique divinement expliquée par S. Optat. . . . C'est le génie de nos critiques modernes de trouver grossiers ceux qui reconnaissent dans la Papauté une autorité supérieure établie de droit divin. Lorsqu'on le reconnaît avec toute l'antiquité, c'est que l'on veut flatter Rome et se la rendre favorable, comme notre auteur le reproche à son censeur.' From the passage here quoted from Bossuet, Anglican divines and their followers may learn the terms on which Bossuet would have agreed to the union of the Church of England with that of Rome. They are as follows:—1. Christ, in order to give unity to His Church, founded it on the primacy and supremacy of St. Peter's Chair. 2. This doctrine is contained both in Scripture and in the tradition of all antiquity. 3. Episcopal authority is intended to give unity to particular churches, but the unity of the whole Catholic Church flows from the supreme authority of the see of Rome, which is its root and centre. 4. The chair of Peter, in virtue of its supremacy, has jurisdiction over all bishops, and this jurisdiction is of divine right. 5. These propositions regarding the supremacy of St. Peter and his successors belong to the deposit of faith, and are not merely a part of the variable discipline of the Church."

Now one of two things, either Father Bottalla has quoted words which Bossuet never used, or Dr. Pusey has never read them, and therefore has committed himself to an important declaration rashly and in the dark. Who shall decide? This is not a matter involving a question of opinion; it is a matter of

* The Pope and the Church, considered in their Mutual Relations with Reference to the Errors of the High Church Party in England. By the Rev. Paul Bottalla, S.J. Part I.—The Supreme Authority of the Pope. London: Burns, Oates, & Co.

fact. In the same way the question whether the precedence of the Bishop of Rome until the promulgation of the false decretals was one of dignity and not of primacy, is also a question of fact. Dr. Pusey contends that it was the former, and that primacy was not claimed until after the decretals. Father Bottalla appeals to the letters of the early Popes in proof of the contrary, and Dr. Pusey must either show that our author's extracts are forgeries or admit that they upset his position:—

"Let us examine the original letters, by which the Popes exerted their prerogative of governing the whole Church, from the commencement of the series at the close of the fourth century. What are the views expressed in them? what authority do they claim? Upon what ground do the Popes rest their power and their prerogative? First, Pope Siricius (385—398) shall answer, speaking as follows to the Bishop of Tarragona: "We bear the burdens of all who labour, or rather the blessed Apostle Peter bears them in us, he who in all things, as we trust, protects and defends us, the heirs of his administration." And he declares that he had been intrusted with the care of all the Churches, of which the Roman Church was the head. Innocent I. (402—417) expresses the same conviction when he says that applications had been made to him as to the head and apex of the episcopate; and he asserts that the episcopate itself, and all the authority of the Roman See, owes its origin to the Apostle Peter. Pope Zosimus (417—418) writes still more clearly on the authority of the Apostolic See. He declares that such was its authority that no one might venture to question its judgment; that St. Peter himself was the fountain-head of this authority, which, therefore, descended from him and rested on the divine promises made to him. In like manner, Boniface I. (418—422) inculcates this truth throughout his fifteenth letter, wherein he solemnly declares that the care of the Universal Church was intrusted to St. Peter, who was its rock; and that hence the authority of the Roman See embraced both East and West; for which reason he calls it the head of all the churches spread over all the whole world. Celestine (422—432) makes use of similar language to express the same doctrine as to his Pontifical authority, which, as he says, extends its care wherever the name of God is preached. And, accordingly, he wrote in this sense to the people of Constantinople, when they were rent asunder by the perverse doctrines of Nestorius. He reminds them that "His daily pressure of toil was the care of all the churches; so that, having learnt that his members were being rent asunder by perverse doctrines, he was inflamed with paternal solicitude for them, feeling the heat of the fire which was burning them, . . . since they were his bowels." Sixtus III. (432—440), his successor, bears witness to the same doctrine, saying that "The blessed Apostle Peter had transferred to his successors what he had received." Whence he concludes: "Who then would separate from the doctrine of him, whom the Master Himself declared to be the first among the Apostles?" But the works of Pope Leo the Great (440—461) are, throughout, full of the great idea of the dignity conferred on the See of Rome, and of its universal divine authority over the whole world. This great Pontiff carefully laid down the distinction between the hierarchy of Order and that of Jurisdiction. He shows the Apostolic See to be that centre whereon the care of the universal Church rests, and with which nothing should be at variance. He wrote to the metropolitans of Illyricum: "Whereas our care extends to all the churches, this being required of us by the Lord, who committed the primacy of the Apostolic dignity to the most blessed Apostle Peter, in reward of his faith, establishing the Universal Church on the solidity of him the foundation, we are associated in that necessary solicitude which we feel for those who are joined with us in the charity of (episcopal) fellowship." Were we in need of further testimonies, the letters of St. Leo would furnish us with many more quotations. Nor do the successors of St. Leo fail to employ similar language. It is useless to multiply extracts from their letters, when each and all agree in solemnly maintaining the fundamental idea that the flock of Christ spread over the whole world—the Universal Church—was committed by Christ to the paternal care of St. Peter and his successors. We can refer to St. Simplicius (468—483); St. Felix III. (483—492); St. Gelasius (492—496); St. Anastasius II. (496—498); St. Symmachus (498—514); St. Hormisdas (514—523); and many others who, in unbroken succession, defend the dignity and the authority of the Apostolic See: and, as we hope to show in the next section, their acts were in accordance with their words."

This is certainly as strong evidence as there could well be, and the onus lies on Dr. Pusey either of directly traversing it or pleading in confession and avoidance. It shows, if anything can show it, that the Popes did not wait for the seventh century to claim supreme authority; it shows also that St. Gregory's refusing to accept the title of "Universal Bishop" was not an act done in pursuance of an equality of authority which, as Dr. Pusey argues, existed amongst all bishops, those of Rome included. But upon further inquiry we find something more than this, namely, that St. Gregory, while refusing to accept the title of Universal Bishop, was actually exercising the power of Supreme Pontiff. Father Bottalla quotes from St. Gregory's epistles to the Emperor Maurice passages which leave no doubt of his belief that "by the divine word, St. Peter, the Prince of all the Apostles, was intrusted with the care of the whole Church, because to him were addressed the words we read in St. John xxi. 17, St. Matthew xvi. 18, St. Luke xxii. 31." In another passage (page 76) he describes St. Gregory as maintaining that to go to the Roman Pontiff was the same as to go to St. Peter, and that for any of the four patriarchs it would be a grievous scandal to resist the decrees of the Roman

Pontiff. But we had better let Father Bottalla explain himself in his own words on this question of St. Gregory's refusing the title of Universal Bishop:—

"We will now briefly clear up another difficulty on which some Protestant writers insist with confidence. This is based on the great controversy between St. Gregory and the Patriarch of Constantinople on account of the title of oecumenical bishop. The point which we undertake to explain presents a double aspect; one concerns St. Gregory's having strongly protested against the Patriarch of Constantinople for his having assumed the title of 'universal bishop'; the other regards his having declined to accept it himself. Now the title of 'universal bishop' has a twofold meaning. The first implies that there is but one bishop in the whole Church, in whose person the universal episcopate is comprised, and, as it were, concentrated. The other asserts a supreme power over every bishop in the Universal Church. Unquestionably, in neither of those senses did the term justly belong to the Bishop of Constantinople, and if assumed by him in either of these senses it well deserved to be reprobated in the strong terms employed by St. Gregory, and so carefully repeated by Protestants when speaking of this matter. In truth, for some centuries the Patriarch of Constantinople had manifested a strong tendency to fall into schism: he aimed, on the one hand, at emancipating himself from the jurisdiction of the Apostolic See; on the other, at subjecting to his power all the churches of the Greek empire. The history of the fourth and fifth centuries supplies such evident proof of this assertion as to dispense us from any lengthened demonstration. Such being the state of things, we need not wonder if St. Gregory opposed with all his might the assumption of this title, and called it a puff of arrogance, a proud, a blasphemous name, the corruption of the Catholic faith, a harbinger of Antichrist, the invention of the first apostate, &c. &c. It should nevertheless be understood that when St. Gregory passed so severe a sentence on the assumption of the title, he considered it not only as implying order, but also jurisdiction. In illustration of this we may use one of the passages of St. Gregory's letters which are used in the 'Eirenicon': 'If one is universal,' he writes to Bishop Eusebius, 'it remains that you are not bishop.' This, too, was one of the reasons for which he refused to assume the title of universal bishop, which, as he often asserts, none of his predecessors had ever assumed, although it had been offered to them by the Council of Chalcedon. And he intimates repeatedly that if the appellation of universal is given to him, all other bishops would be deprived of their dignity. He means thereby, that should the Pope become universal bishop, by that title he would absorb all the power of the other bishops, and concentrate episcopacy in his one person alone. That would indeed be a subversion of the constitution of the Church and the overthrow of the primacy itself; for the Pope is a bishop, and as such he is the equal merely of every other bishop, his primacy being one of Jurisdiction, not of Order. It is true that the Council of Chalcedon, when offering this title to the Pope, did not intend it to be taken in the meaning which is destructive of the economy of the Church. The *Libelli* in which that term occurs did not contemplate any power of Order, but of Jurisdiction only. Nevertheless in this second sense of Jurisdiction we should again distinguish in that title the right which it imparts, and the honour which it is intended to convey. Now the *Libelli* did not mean to impart to the Pope a new right, especially since the title was not decreed in a conciliar form. Besides, we have seen already, and will further prove by fresh evidence, that long before the Council of Chalcedon the Popes had proclaimed and enforced their supreme authority over the whole Church. The council therefore intended to give the Pope a title of honour only, such as might witness to his universal jurisdiction. What, consequently, did St. Gregory decline to assume—the right itself of universal pastor, or the honour of being called by that glorious title? Doubtless he could not reject the right, as he could not fail to know what had been the mind of his predecessors, when he declared the Roman Church to be intrusted with *cura omnium Ecclesiarum*, and enforced and used his authority—as shall be seen in the fifth section—both over the Greek and the Latin churches. And, indeed, it would have been the most glaring contradiction to refuse on one side the right of supreme jurisdiction, and on the other to exercise it over the whole world. It is surprising that none of the Protestant disputants who have written upon the subject seem to have recognised the inconsistency. St. Gregory, in truth, refused the honour only of that singular title, as he constantly insinuates wherever, in his letters, he speaks of the offer made in the Council of Chalcedon. All the letters quoted in the two foregoing notes prove this—nay, even one of his letters cited in the 'Eirenicon' bears testimony to the same effect. 'How is it,' he says in this letter to the Emperor Maurice, 'that while we seek not the glory of this name, though offered to us, yet another presumes to claim it, though not offered?'"

Our readers will observe that the supremacy of the Pope, for which Father Bottalla contends, though it is a point of vital importance to Dr. Pusey and his followers, is not of the same importance to Protestants. It is now perfectly clear that a line of demarcation must be drawn between the latter and the former, shutting them off from each other as sections of the English Church having on common ground of intercommunion. It is a matter of very little importance to a sound Protestant in what century the Popes first claimed jurisdiction over the Church. He takes his stand on his nationality and his Bible, and on the Acts of Elizabeth, James, and Charles. That is enough for him. Beyond these authorities it is true his heart beats warmly towards all on the Continent or throughout the world who protest against Papal usurpation, for which he has so intense a hatred. But the Puseyite, entranced by the odour of antiquity which exhales from the writings of the Fathers, is not satisfied with the well-defined, if somewhat narrow, tests of

orthodoxy which satisfy a straightforward Englishman. He insists on throwing a light on the Thirty-nine Articles, of which that venerable code supplies neither the fuel nor the fire; and he claims his right to communion with the Universal Church under the sanction of authorities who, if Father Bottalla is right, are dead against him.

JOHN KEATS.*

THE finest poetical instruction that Keats got was from Leigh Hunt, who tells us that no imaginative pleasure was left unnoticed by him and his friend, "from the recollection of the bards and patriots of old to the luxury of a summer rain at our windows or the clicking of the coal in winter time." Hunt was exactly the sort of man to appreciate Keats. His own intense sympathies with material beauty of all kinds led him to understand the fervour with which Keats strove so constantly to kindle a fire of passion around everything that he saw or thought of. Through Hunt he became acquainted with Hazlitt, Shelley, Haydon, and Godwin, and the encouragement of such companionship did much to prompt him to efforts which he might have hesitated to make had he remained amongst the surroundings in which he was born.

The author of the book before us, while approaching his task in a reverent spirit enough, appears to indulge in a nimity criticism not altogether worthy of his subject. A great deal too much has been already said upon what is termed the slovenliness and incompleteness of what Keats has left us. Lord Houghton even says "he did not escape the charge of sacrificing beauty to supposed intensity, and of merging the abiding grace of his song in the passionate phantasies of the moment." We prefer the "passionate phantasies" to the "abiding grace" (whatever it means), and simply because Keats himself did best in following his own drift. Nor do we believe it to be true, as Lord Houghton again insists, that he was the worse for his love of Spenser and his introduction of phrases sanctioned by the usage of the author of "The Faerie Queen." In touching those very words Keats felt all the more deeply the noble spirit of an age of poetry to which we look back with pride and affection. When he employs them he does so with a manifest justice and appreciation, and with a full knowledge of their picturesque and suggestive power. He cannot be accused of conceit in following this manner, when we find he bears himself so evenly under the rich burdens with which he decorated his verses. A poet may use any language which he can use gracefully and effectually, and it is a cant of criticism to lock up phrases from him, as though it were a fine thing, so to speak, to see him working for our pleasure with one hand tied.

A distinct characteristic of Keats' poetry consists in his ability for selecting epithets brilliant with light and colour. Of course no poet is a poet without this accomplishment; but in Keats it was specially remarkable. Take this line:—

"Oh! what a power has white simplicity!"

The reader has only to pause for a moment over the vivid image awakened by the word "white" here to see our meaning. It personifies the idea of the line with a flash. Keats had in his mind the taste and feeling of a painter as well as of a poet, and this aided him in finding the expression he required to complete the tone and finish of his verses. That they were rugged or careless we cannot for a moment believe. They are not set to common airs, or steeped in atmospheres which artists have plenty of receipts for making, but they are polished to the mark of their own design, and their abruptness is only the chromatic discord and involution of an artist who hovers in a short uncertainty above the point on which he is about to settle. Keats did not write for Rosa Matilda, for Grub-street, or for rule-of-thumb judges. Neither did he abandon himself to mysticism, although there were strong temptations in his way to do so. People talk currently of the difficulty of understanding him. There is no such difficulty. The smallest sensibility for the real thing in poetry should be capable of detecting the music and the vast reach and thrill of Keats' writing. To be sure, if minds are saturated with the drugged rhetoric of Byron, it is possible that they may be often deaf to Keats; but we hold that a man who can lay down "Hyperion," and not be stirred into admiration for it, is only fit to derive his enjoyment from verse from the penny readings of a mechanics' institute.

We have here a number of letters written by the poet to

Haydon and others. There is nothing so forcible in them as the constant faith which he had in his mission to sing. "I find," he says, in one place, "I cannot exist without poetry, without eternal poetry; I began with a little, but habit has made me a leviathan. I had become all in a tremble from not having written anything of late; the sonnet over leaf did me good—I slept the better last night for it; this morning, however, I am nearly as bad again." Here was a constitutional temperament determining towards verse as a relief. We find constant expressions of a similar tendency. Such a disposition unfortunately does not win its way in the world of money. Keats had duns frequently at his gate, and at times he bore up with the infliction with fortitude enough. He wrote with great ease and fluency. During a visit he made to a Mr. Baily at Oxford, the latter had an opportunity of noting his habits in this respect, of which he has left the following record:—

"He wrote and I read—sometimes at the same table, sometimes at separate desks—from breakfast till two or three o'clock. He sat down to his task, which was about fifty lines a day, with his paper before him, and apparently with as much ease as he wrote his letters. Indeed, he acted quite up to the principle he lays down, 'that if poetry comes not as naturally as the leaves of a tree, it had better not come at all.' Sometimes he fell short of his allotted task, but not often, and he would make it up another day. But he never forced himself. When he had finished his writing for the day he usually read it over to me, and then read or wrote letters until we went out for a walk. It was in this summer that he first visited Stratford-on-Avon, and added his name to the thousands inscribed on Shakespeare's walls."

Keats expressed rather strong views on the female question, and spoke bitterly of the women scribblers who, "having taken a snatch or luncheon of literary scraps, set themselves up for towers of Babel in languages, Sapphos in poetry, Euclids in geometry, and everything in nothing."

It is pleasant to learn that Keats admired Wordsworth, and "was never tired of reading the 'Ode to Immortality.'" The two writers were indeed widely apart in their modes of thinking and expressing themselves, yet it is not difficult to understand Keats's appreciation of the one poem at least in which Wordsworth seems to flush with a rare prophetic instinct. With reference to his personal habits, Keats was neither a dissipated nor an exceedingly temperate man. If anything, he enjoyed the world too much for his health. He possessed a nervous energy which gave him an appearance of strength; and, indeed, it was strength, for it enabled him to trounce a butcher whom he saw beating a small boy at Hampstead. But he was not organically sound. His lungs were diseased, and Coleridge says that when he first met him, "a loose slack not well-dressed youth," in a lane near Highgate, he remarked aside to Leigh Hunt, when he had shaken hands with Keats, "There is death in that hand." We get a further description of Keats from Mrs. Bryan Procter, who met him at Hazlitt's lectures. This was before the delicacy of his constitution began to show itself. "His eyes were large, his hair auburn; he wore it divided down the centre, and it fell in rich masses on each side his face; his mouth was full and less intellectual than his other features. His countenance lives in my mind as one of singular beauty and brightness—it had an expression as if he had been looking on some glorious sight. The shape of his face had the squareness of a man's but more like some women's faces I have seen, it was so wide over the forehead, and so small at the chin. He seemed in perfect health, and with life offering all things that were precious to him." We have remarked on Keats' pleasure in producing a melody in verse. This he did without regard for the strict rules of metre. Lord Houghton is of opinion that, in compassing his project, he often thus diverted "attention from the beauty of the thoughts and the force of the imagery." Yet we think he was successful enough to feel justified in making the experiment. The Letters contained in the volume under notice are not, on the whole, comparable with those of men who were neither as great poets or as quick humorists as Keats. Poetry became him better than prose, and he moved easier in it. Indeed, occasionally he resumes his natural habit of expression in corresponding with his friends, and to one John Reynolds he sends some amusing epistles in rhyme. The following note is from Haydon. It is amusingly marked with his style:—

"My dear Keats,

"I shall go mad! In a field at Stratford-upon-Avon, that belonged to Shakespeare, they have found a gold ring and seal, with the initials W. S. and a true lover's knot between. If this is not Shakespeare, who is it? A true lover's knot! I saw an impression to-day, and am to have one as soon as possible. As sure as you breathe, and that he was the first of beings, the seal belonged to him. O Lord!

B. R. HAYDON."

* The Life and Letters of John Keats. By Lord Houghton. A New Edition. One vol. London: Edward Moxon & Co.

Keats took a more sensible view of this discovery than his enthusiastic correspondent, and hoped the seal was not "Brummagem." In return for his news, however, he sends Haydon some verses, the first batch of which concludes—

"Then who would go
Into dark Soho,
And chatter with dark-haired critics,
When he can stay
For the new-mown hay,
And startle the dappled crickets?
There's a bit of doggerel; you would like a bit of bothral!"

"Where be you going, you Devon maid?
And what have ye there in the basket?
Ye tight little fairy, just fresh from the dairy,
Will ye give me some cream if I ask it?"

I love your hills and I love your dales
And I love your flocks a-bleating;
But, oh, on the heather to lie together,
With both our hearts a-beating!

I'll put your basket all safe in a nook
Your shawl I'll hang on a willow;
And we will sigh in the daisy's eye
And kiss on a grass-green pillow."

Up to the time when Keats indulged in this sort of clever trifling, his mind appears buoyant and brisk enough. Indeed for a considerable period afterwards, he continued to correspond in a gay and cheerful mood; but at the close his life was dismal and clouded, though not uncheered by the affection and care of those who knew and loved him.

THE SEABOARD PARISH.*

MANY a reader will be glad to renew in "The Seaboard Parish" the acquaintance which he made with Mr. Walton in the "The Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood." That story chronicled Mr. Walton's courtship; in the present work we are introduced to the circle of which he, as the head of a family, is the centre. The parish by the seaside, which gives its title to the book, is one to which Mr. Walton takes an invalid daughter for change of air, and from which he returns to his own rectory. The story is almost entirely destitute of anything like a plot, and its incidents are by no means numerous. It offers, indeed, but a very slight resemblance to the ordinary novel, and a commonplace novel reader, who desires merely a mental stimulant or opiate, will not find in it exactly what he requires. But an audience which is worthy of it will appreciate it all the more for its freedom from the sensational and the conventional element. There is a little love-making, and there are a few adventures in it, but they are for the most part kept in the background, and not allowed to make themselves conspicuous. The real charm of the book consists in the very great beauty of its descriptions of scenery, and in the largeness of thought and depth of feeling which characterize its moral and religious utterances. The former cannot fail to delight every one who reads them, so graphic are they, so full of colour and light, and at the same time so suggestive of ideas belonging to a higher than the purely artistic world; the latter will, perhaps, be thought by some to occupy too large a share of space, but by others they will be considered as by far the most valuable part of the work. It is not as a mere novelist that the author of "The Seaboard Parish" should be judged, but rather as a teacher who has a lesson of no ordinary moment to inculcate, who is thoroughly convinced of its truth and its importance, and who renders it intelligible to those who choose to hear him in language to which it is indeed a pleasure to listen.

Mr. MacDonald's other books are all rich in word-pictures of earth, and sea, and sky, but there is not one of them, as far as we can recollect, which comes up to "The Seaboard Parish" in this respect. He has evidently made a careful study of the scenery for which the coast of Cornwall in the neighbourhood of Bude and Tintagel is famous, and he has brought it before our eyes in all its variety of form and of colour with a power which few writers possess in an equal degree. And not only does he enable us to witness what we should see for ourselves if we were on the spot, but he enables us to view it with his eyes, and to share in the feelings which sights of such beauty and grandeur called up within him. Even if it were only as a record of the effect produced on a very sensitive and truly poetic mind by such a spectacle as that part of our coast has to offer, the present story would have no slight value. As it is, this is but one of its many merits. Every one is conscious,

* The Seaboard Parish. By George MacDonald, LL.D., Author of "Alec Forbes of Howglen," "Robert Falconer," &c. Three vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.

when he sees the ocean for the first time, or after a long absence, or in one of its rarer moods either of storm or calm, of the existence of some feelings or emotions which it is difficult to analyze or define, but which he would gladly render enduring if it were possible. But like those which music creates, they usually fade away, and leave but little beyond a general impression behind. To many persons the sight of the sea acts as a kind of mental tonic, bracing their minds just as the sea air strengthens their bodies, dwarfing into invisibility their petty cares, and somehow seeming to absorb the causes of their wearisome fretfulness. They are conscious of the effect, but they only see the superficial agencies which produce it. To them it will be very grateful to find in Mr. MacDonald one who looks further into the nature of things, and who can descry a cause for their feelings which they could not discover for themselves, but the existence of which they can recognise when it has once been pointed out to them.

One of the most beautiful passages in "Guild Court" was the description of the effect produced on the mind of a child who looks for the first time on the sea, suddenly and close at hand. There is a somewhat similar passage in the present story. Connie, the invalid of the party, has been carried, with bandaged eyes, to a ruin overhanging deep waters far below, and there, through a Gothic-arched door in its battlemented wall, she sees "a great gulf at her feet, full to the brim of a splendour of light and colour." Before her rise the great ruins of rock and castle; "rough stone below, clear green happy grass above," even to the verge of the precipice; overhead the clear summer sky, far down below the blue water breaking in white upon dark gray sands. The whole picture is beautifully treated, and so is that of the cave underneath, "long and winding, with the fresh seaweed lying on its pebbly floor, and its walls wet with the last tide," a sort of grave, "but a cool, friendly, brown-lighted grave, which, even in its darkest recesses, bore some witness to the wind of God outside, in the occasional ripple of shadowed light, from the play of the sun on the waves, that, flected and reflected, wandered across its jagged roof." There are a number of such pictures of the beauty or the majesty of the seashore, ending with one representing a storm and shipwreck, which deserves the highest praise for its truth as well as its power. From these we may select the following, as a specimen of the manner in which Mr. MacDonald treats the subject:—Mr. Walton has gone for a walk along the shore at low tide, and he comes to a spot where the sands are crossed by a multitude of fairy rivers flowing across them to the sea. "All their channels were of golden sand, and the golden sunlight was above, and through, and in them all; gold and gold met, with the waters between. And what gave an added life to their motion was, that all the ripples made shadows on the clear yellow below them. The eye could not see the rippling on the surface; but the sun saw it, and drew it in multitudinous shadowy motion upon the sand, with the play of a thousand fancies of gold burnished and dead, of sunlight and yellow, trembling, melting, curving, blending, vanishing ever, ever renewed. It was as if all the water-marks upon a web of golden silk had been set in wildest yet most graceful curvilinear motion by the breath of a hundred playful zephyrs. My eye could not be filled with seeing. I stood in speechless delight for a while, gazing at the 'endless ending,' which was 'the humour of the game,' and thinking how in all God's works the laws of beauty are wrought out in evanishment, in birth and death. There, there is no hoarding, but an ever-fresh creating, an eternal flow of life from the heart of the All-beautiful." A conversation follows between Mr. Walton and an artist named Percivale, who is also admiring the scene, as to whether it is heartless of Nature to indulge in such childplay here, while, elsewhere, as for instance in London, so many sores are festering uncared for; and this is how the clergyman brings it to a close, "This very childplay, as you call it, of Nature, is her assertion of the secret that life is the deepest, that life shall conquer death. Those who believe this must bear the good news to them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death. . . . Nature has God at her heart; she is but the garment of the Invisible. God wears his singing-ropes in a day like this, and says to his children, 'Be not afraid: your brothers and sisters up there in London are in my hands; go and help them. I am with you. Bear to them the message of joy. Tell them to be of good cheer; I have overcome the world. Tell them to endure hunger and not sin; to endure passion and not yield; to admire and not desire. Sorrow and pain are serving my ends; for by them will I slay sin and save my children.'" Another fine descriptive passage is that devoted to the view one fine night when "the sea lay as quiet as if it could not move for the moonlight that lay upon it," when "the moon was like the face of a saint before which the

stormy people has grown dumb," and the air was full of vanishing masses of cloud, "all setting with one steady motion eastward into the abysses of space; now obscuring the fair moon, now solemnly sweeping away from before her." Mr. Walton says that the sight makes him think of "the cubicalness of nature," a phrase which he explains by saying, "Sometimes—perhaps generally—we see the sky as a flat dome, spangled with star-points and painted blue. Now I see it as an awful depth of blue air, depth within depth; and the clouds before me are not passing away to the left, but sinking away from the front of me into the marvellous unknown regions, which, let philosophers say what they will about time and space—and I daresay they are right—are yet very awful to me. Thank God . . . for himself. He is deeper than space, deeper than time; He is the heart of all the cube of history." Of such passages, in which the beauty of the visible world is first depicted, and then made the emblem of some glory of the invisible, there are numbers scattered through the book, all of them well worthy of being not only read, but studied. But we must leave them in order to say a few words before concluding our notice about the principal characters of the story.

Connie and Wynnie, Mr. Walton's daughters, are very pleasantly sketched, their conversation and behaviour contrasting very favourably with those of too many of the heroines in whom contemporary fiction delights. "I had often said to myself in past years," says Mr. Walton, "when I had found myself in the company of young ladies who announced their opinions—probably of no deeper origin than the prejudices of their nurses—as if these distinguished them from all the world besides; who were profound upon passion and ignorant of grace; who had not a notion whether a dress was beautiful, but only whether it was of the newest cut—I had often said to myself, 'What shall I do if my daughters come to talk and think like that, if thinking it can be called?' " a question which probably occurs to many a puzzled father of a young family when he gazes upon the strange apparel of the girls of the present day and listens to their conversation; but fortunately Mr. Walton's daughters have turned out all that English maidens ought to be. Mr. Percivale, Wynnie's artist-lover, is merely outlined, and Mr. Turner, the surgeon, who eventually marries his patient, Connie, is more suggested than delineated. Joe, the Methodist blacksmith, is more vigorously drawn; but the best character in the book, from an artistic point of view, is the old sexton. That ancient functionary is described with a considerable touch of the humour which is less noticeable in this than in most of Mr. MacDonald's books. His remarks about the people he has buried, and whose names he has inscribed on the handle of his spade, making a kind of sepulchral Alpenstock of it, and about those whom he expects to bury and whose comfort underground he takes the greatest pains to insure, are very amusing, and his character is preserved with consistency throughout. His quiet, contented wife also is a well-sketched character.

We conclude with a few remarks made by Mr. Walton with regard to those well-meaning but irritating persons who are always mitigating their statements respecting the future by an unnecessary reference to the permission of Heaven. "It is a most dangerous thing to use sacred words often. It makes them so common to our ear that at length, when used most solemnly, they have not half the effect they ought to have, and that is a serious loss. What the Apostle means is, that we should always be in the mood of looking up to God, and having regard to His will, not always writing D.V., for instance, as so many do,—most irreverently, I think,—using a Latin contraction for the beautiful words, just as if they were a charm, or as if God would take offence if they did not make the salvo of acknowledgment. It seems to me quite heathenish. Our hearts ought ever to be in the spirit of those words; our lips ought to utter them rarely."

D'ABBADIE'S ABYSSINIA.*

It is with a feeling of sincere pity that we take up this book, the laborious fruit of experiences and investigations which a year ago would have found a wide and attentive audience, but which to-day have dropped completely and irretrievably out of notice. The massive and handsome volume before us is but the first instalment of a work designed by its author to collect into a focus all the information which, either as a student or inquirer, or an immediate observer, he had been able to gather during a residence of ten years in the highlands

of Ethiopia, so well known to Englishmen as the Abyssinia of Theodore, about the history and manners of the people. Before the expedition under Sir Robert Napier had commenced its career of unchequered victory, there was an eager rush on the part of English readers for books of all sorts, new and old, true and false, that were supposed to throw a light on the state of the unknown land which we were about to plunge into. At that time M. D'Abbadie's careful and original treatment of the subject would have insured him attention; but now the struggle is over it is vain to hope that anything relating to Abyssinia or the Abyssinians can engage general readers, or be interesting to any other than *savants*. M. D'Abbadie's book is born out of due time; and this it appears unnecessarily, for we are told in the preface that, as early as 1862, on the author's return from the East, the main part of the work was written, why its publication was delayed so long—why it was not, at all events, hastened when the complication with Theodore had culminated in hostilities, and had fixed the attention of all Europe, is explained in the preface. The reason assigned by M. D'Abbadie is a remarkable example of perhaps over-scrupulous conscientiousness, which may, however, be commended to the consideration of some of our own countrymen who, after a very brief and partial experience, are rushing into print.

"To obtain," says M. D'Abbadie, "the right to speak about a country so different from one's own, it is not sufficient to have lived there long and in some sort to have become denationalized in order to get a nearer view of the men and things of which it is the design of the traveller to propagate the knowledge. It is still more necessary, when one has returned to one's native community, in order to withdraw oneself from every source of error and to purify one's judgments, to set aside for a time the opinions and ideas with which one has been imbued in the country of the foreigner, and, coming back to the standpoint of one's countrymen, to become once more habituated to their habits of thought, before offering to them the fruits of an experience acquired under conditions so different from those which prevail among ourselves. After I had written my narrative, I allowed some time to elapse before publication." This theory of a traveller's duties is sufficiently stringent and forms a fair ground for accepting the statements of the writer with confidence. So conscientious a worker is not likely to deviate willingly from the limits of fact and is nearly certain to have spared no pains to accumulate and to sift evidence. We find other grounds for believing that M. D'Abbadie's work is strictly impartial, and that his historical narrative may be thoroughly relied upon. If in some instances he has rather highly coloured his portraits of individuals and sketches of society, he has only yielded to a temptation which no Frenchman ever could resist.

The geographical and ethnographical analysis of Abyssinia which M. D'Abbadie gives is more copious, accurate, and scientific than the lively despatches of the late Consul Plowden, hitherto the most authentic of accessible testimonies respecting the origin of the people and the nature of the country. In good time, we doubt not, the expedition of Sir R. Napier will bear fruit of a still more valuable kind, but for the present M. D'Abbadie's book is the best of its kind. The second chapter, with its elaborate and scholarly appendix on the physical characteristics and costume of the Abyssinians may be compared with the account which Gibbon has given of the long and close relations which subsisted between the kingdom of Ethiopia and the Lower Empire under Justinian and his immediate successors. It seems to be established that the manners of that period, and especially the dress and ecclesiastical ornaments, were identical with those now in use at Gondar and Debra Tabor. Yet the connection appears to be merely one between two different and mutually hostile nationalities. M. D'Abbadie leaves us as much in the dark as he found us with respect to the vexed question of the origin of the Ampara. The imperfect cultivation of the people has not preserved enough of written or other records from which to gather a clear notion of the early story of the race.

The only point about which the Abyssinians themselves appear to be solicitous is that involved in the name *Habesh* (a mixture), which in various forms is applied to them by all foreign nations, and indicates a mongrel and debased origin. Beyond vaguely repudiating this imputation on their descent, and claiming for the ancient line of their Emperors—with which the parvenu house of Theodore must not be confounded—a lofty pedigree, traced back to Solomon and his fair visitor the Queen of Sheba, the Abyssinians are careless of history and their written annals are both meagre and plainly infected with superstitious legend. The toga and chlamys, retained for many centuries with little or no variation by the Abyssinians, are almost precisely similar to those worn by the citizens of the

* Douze Ans dans la Haute-Ethiopie (Abyssinie). Par Arnauld D'Abbadie. Tome Premier. Paris: Hachette et Cie.

Roman Empire. The boys wear a *bullæ*, as they did at Rome in the days of Juvenal. And M. D'Abbadie, looking on the people, who so long entertained him after their fashion of hospitality, with a familiar and favourable eye, expresses an opinion that in grace and dignity of bearing the natives of High Ethiopia present a close resemblance to the Roman citizen as represented in bas-reliefs, medals, and gems. Upon this resemblance, which may be fancied, and which is hardly supported by the testimony of English observers, a fantastic theory connects their origin with Imperial Rome.

The earlier period of M. D'Abbadie's visit was coincident with the rise of Ras Ali—the prince who became the friend of Plowden and Bell, and under whose rule Abyssinia was first brought into diplomatic relations with England. When M. D'Abbadie met him, Ras Ali was but a youth, of some reputation for courage in the field, and from his mild and winning disposition highly popular with the people. His mother, the Waizero Menen, appears to have shown higher capacities for conquest and government than her son, and M. D'Abbadie, who had frequent opportunities of observing her career, pronounces a favourable judgment on it. It was, however, after the period with which M. D'Abbadie deals in the present volume that Ras Ali established his power on a firm basis over the whole of the Abyssinian plateau, and consequently the impression derived from this representation of his earlier character cannot in fairness be accepted as an estimate of the man whose abilities impressed Plowden. That Ras Ali, however, was not a man of strong will, may be presumed from the ease with which Theodore, an almost unknown guerilla chief, overthrew a prince who had extorted homage from all the feudal chiefs of Ethiopia. On the whole, the intercourse which M. D'Abbadie had with the then sovereign family of Abyssinia did not tend to reconcile him to the social order or political state of the country. In Tigré, which then defied the authority of Ras Ali, the case was rather worse. Dejaz Oubé exhibited towards the traveller all the jealous hostility of the barbarian. But in the southern province of Gojam, Dejaz Guoscho and his wife, the Waizero Sahabon, treated M. D'Abbadie with courtesy and kindness. He made a long stay at Gondar, Dejaz Guoscho's capital, and there principally he became acquainted with the inner life of the higher rank among the Abyssinians. He also accompanied Guoscho in his campaign against the Gallas; and here he obtained an insight into the Abyssinian method of waging war, which, if only it had been published before the commencement of our own war with Theodore, might have relieved some fears.

All that M. D'Abbadie has written on these subjects is marked by that scrupulous care and scientific elaboration which we have so frequently to take note of as distinguishing French books, and particularly French books of travel, from English works of a similar kind. The Englishman, when he is not peculiarly a man of science, writes either in the encyclopædic or in the anecdotal style; he is either the dry copyist or the trivial gossip. In the latter class must be included most Abyssinian travellers whose names are known in England. We do not deny the merit of many of these, which is mainly that they have amassed materials for just such a work as M. D'Abbadie has undertaken. We regret that, closely interwoven as the recent destinies of Abyssinia have been with the political history of our own country, the task of writing the best book on Abyssinia should have been seized without noteworthy competition by a Frenchman. We regret also that this, the best book, should have been published too late to attract the attention of the many, and too soon to claim of right a permanent place in the libraries of the few.

WILD FLOWERS.*

At first sight it might seem as if the popularizing of a science, by any man possessed of the requisite knowledge and a tolerable command of English, were a comparatively easy matter. To judge by the efforts which are continually submitted to us, the very reverse is the case. We find men who apparently are proficient in a certain science, and who would probably write decently enough in a scientific magazine, coming forward and twaddling over the information they supply, as if their readers were a lot of children, and themselves a lot of Sunday-school teachers. Sunday-school teaching is very valuable, not to say necessary, in its way; but there is no reason why it should be the only method of imparting instruction to the intellectual babe. Indeed, the popularized book of science,

as a rule, is on a far lower level than Sunday-school tuition, for we almost invariably find it appealing, for the countenance of high authority, to such eminently scientific writers as Mrs. Hemans, Tom Moore, Longfellow, and Tupper. Is it that the general public refuses to read science unless it is washed down with floods of sentiment? Scientific text-books we have in abundance—brief, pointed, and containing accurate information for the student; but so soon as we go a step lower, and come to the book which appeals to "the general reader," we find the oddest mixture of emotional balderdash, flippant reflections, and cheery, audacious references to well-known scientific facts. The popular man of science evidently thinks that he must be amusing. He is afraid that science is dull. He fancies that he must have the thin sugar of weak poetry to cover the sober pill of information. And so he endeavours to palliate the offence of stating distinct facts by publishing accompanying pages of twaddle, such as it is desirable that no human being should see.

The present volume does not err in that way so much as many books we have seen. Botany offers so many opportunities for the writer to go off into the dangerous fields of sentiment and reflection, that very few botanical authors, when they address a popular audience, are proof against the temptation. Mr. Burgess has been cunning enough to separate his scientific information and his sentiment by distinct lines; so that it is only occasionally we come upon such a passage as this—"Let us listen to the voices of the flowers of the wayside, and interpret the mission of the 'wildings of nature' which dwell in the woodland glades, spangle the dewy meads, adorn the moorland with perennial beauty, and smile with gladness by the streamlets and the rivers. Lessons of deep significance may be learned from these 'stars of earth.'" And then he tells the story of Picciola, and improves the occasion by remarking that "the clouds of infidelity rolled away before the little messenger of an all-seeing Providence." Might one ask, if it is the "mission" of wild-flowers to settle theological differences, why such a bewildering dubiety surrounds their "lessons of deep significance"? We should like to know, *accurately*, what the dandelion has to say of Unitarianism, and whether the stinging-nettle approves of the Nicene creed. Judging from their own practice, we should say that flowers belonging to the class Pentandria and the order Monogynia were not very safe guides on the question of social morality, and that plants belonging to the class Monandria, order Polygynia, were best fitted to give lessons of deep significance to the followers of Brigham Young. But Mr. Burgess admits that the lessons of these little messengers require interpretation; and the interpreter, we doubt not, is the coloured glass through which the white light of heaven becomes orange, blue, or green, as the case requires. With one form of interpretation we are already slightly familiar. It is chiefly used by young persons who extract from flowers, instead of theological definitions or directions, such tender phrases as "I love you," "A secret friendship," "You have a rival," or "Wait and hope." But in all cases we have found the language of flowers to be untrustworthy. Its value depends on a previous understanding among the readers; and that arrangement is frequently forgotten. In fact, we do not believe that flowers were commissioned either to teach theology or further courtship; and so we may leave this branch of the subject at present.

There are two ways of becoming acquainted with English wild-flowers. The student may either go in for accurate botanical knowledge, so far as it will enable him to comprehend the first principles of classification, and thence discover the names and characteristics of the plants as by an index; or he may take a series of coloured drawings and pick out the wild-flowers by their likeness. The latter is, of course, the easier way, if one is not particular as to accuracy, and only desires to know a few of the commoner plants. But, as a rule, people already know the common plants, and if you wish to know the name and properties of those plants which are hidden in obscure corners of woods, or in caves by the seashore, or on remote hill-sides, recourse must be had to the former method. Plates, as a general rule, are not to be depended upon. The flowers composing them are chosen for brilliancy of colour, and that colour is laid on without mercy by the lithographer, while no indication as to the size of the flower is given. In Mrs. Loudon's book of wild-flowers, for example, where the plants are supposed to be the ordinary life-size, the specimens, as a rule, are of an exceptionally luxuriant growth, and likely to puzzle any student who goes out into the fields expecting to meet with similar botanical wonders. The two methods we have mentioned are, to a certain extent, combined in this book; and, as we fancy, not very successfully. The various chapters contain a very good and fairly-written catalogue of the common wild-

* Old English Wild Flowers. By J. T. Burgess. London: Frederick Warne & Co.

flowers which the student will meet, but he will fail altogether to distinguish the plant by its written description, while we defy him to do so by reference to the plates. After all, there is no royal road to botany. The best thing that any person can do who wishes to amuse herself or himself by the occasional study of wild-flowers, is to sit down and master the preliminaries of botanical science. These are not difficult, and they are very interesting. They will, of course, include some knowledge of the natural system of classification (which will be better understood afterwards by the study of related plants), but they should also include a sufficient acquaintance with the Linnæan system to render the latter useful as an index to the former. The Linnæan system is now, and properly, discarded from Floras; but, for the use of beginners, we should always like to use a synopsis of the arrangements prefixed to the Flora, with the corresponding natural orders added. When the beginner, therefore, gets a new plant, he counts the number of stamens and pistils, refers to the Linnæan system, and has his search limited to a narrow space. The study of a few other characteristics will then enable him to fix upon the natural order, when the hunt for genus and species becomes exceedingly simplified. This index-synopsis used to be published in front of Hooker and Arnold's British Flora; it is greatly to be desiderated in all books which introduce a student to the practical business of botanic science.

Mr. Burgess has added to his volume some directions as to the gathering and preserving of plants, which will be of service to the student who desires to form a herbarium. Some of his directions, however, are unwise. "When the plants are dry, many of the firmer varieties may be simply labelled and placed in a drawer or cabinet. The more delicate and perfect specimens should be mounted on stout cartridge-paper, though any ordinary brown paper will answer the purpose if sufficiently stout. The paper may be cut to any convenient size," &c. What sort of plants would stand to be tossed about in a drawer? As to laying specimens on brown paper, or on paper of any size, Mr. Burgess must know that there is a conventional size and kind of paper which botanists, by common consent, use, so as to be able to exchange specimens and so forth. If the student be desirous of preserving plants, why not preserve them in the ordinary way? Unless the difference of cost between brown paper and blue paper be a consideration, there is no reason why he should not give his plants the additional advantage of being similar to other collections. Then, as to labelling, Mr. Burgess suggests the cumbersome form of having an epitome of the classification of the plant added to the foot of the page, as well as the botanical and ordinary name, the place of capture, and date. The ordinary arrangement of separating the genera by white covers, with the generic name outside, and the orders by shelves in the herbarium, is infinitely to be preferred. So that, instead of having eleven lines of description at the foot of a specimen of the common daisy, the plant would be simply marked "*Bellis perennis*, common daisy, Kenilworth, May 20, 1867." It would be found in the cover with the generic title of "*Bellis*" outside; and all the genera of that order would be found on the shelf "*Compositæ*." Any further arrangement of divisions and classes might be regulated by the conditions of the herbarium. We point out these details as likely to interest any one beginning to study our wild-flowers. Any one already acquainted with English botany will find Mr. Burgess's book sufficiently interesting; and the plates are very pretty, although they are of no use in supplying a guide to the names of plants.

ITALY AND HER CAPITAL.*

THIS book is written by a lady who sympathizes with the destinies of Italy and expresses herself in a tone of high-wrought sentimentalism. She has written it in the hope "that she might be able to move the sympathies of some towards that country in whose cause England has ever manifested a generous and steadfast interest." We had thought that interest so strong that such a volume as this would not be called for. It is born out of time, and, if it could produce any effect, would be much more likely to do mischief than good. Whatever may be the fate of Rome and the Romans—whether they are to remain as they are, or be incorporated with the rest of Italy—there can be little doubt that the Eternal City would make a very bad capital, while Florence has advantages for such a post which Rome neither has nor can have. Amongst the trials through which the new kingdom has had to pass, not the least was

changing the seat of Government from Turin to Florence. Another change would be anything but desirable, especially if the transfer were made to Rome. If Italy is resolved never to relinquish the hope of possessing the Eternal City, she may rest assured that the Papacy would never relinquish the hope of regaining it should it be lost. Moreover, according to the principle so loudly proclaimed during the annexations of 1860, the Romans have as much right to choose their Government as any other Italians; and nothing can be clearer than the evidence afforded by Garibaldi's last Quixotic expedition, that the Romans do not desire to become Victor Emmanuel's subjects. It may be unfortunate that this is so, and it may argue great want of taste on the part of the Pope's subjects that they prefer his Holiness's rule to that of the King of Italy. But it is their business and not ours. "E. S. G. S." seems not to be of this opinion. They will be freed, whether they like it or not. "The Romans," she writes, "are in chains none the less real because not forged of iron. That they *all* do not feel them, proves only the more certainly the reality of the bondage, which in some has produced moral as well as mental and physical paralysis. THEY MUST BE FREED, FOR THEY CANNOT FREE THEMSELVES." This is an exquisite specimen of feminine logic. The fact is, as shown by Garibaldi's Mentana campaign, that the Romans abhor the idea of being united to Italy.

An Englishwoman sympathizing with Italy is sure to be enthusiastic about Garibaldi. "E. S. G. S." of course paid him a visit at Caprera. Her account of it is one of the best chapters in her book:—

"Noon is his ordinary dinner-hour. I was conducted by one of the afore-named soldiers out of harness to the door of the room above mentioned, where I found portraits of one or two of Garibaldi's fellow-combatants, all of whom, I believe, had fallen in battle. Warlike implements also adorned the walls. I had some difficulty in finding my way to the dining-room, since the house is rather peculiarly constructed, and I had to pass through the kitchen on my road. Probably this is caused by part of the house having been annexed as a somewhat recent addition. The dining-room is large and long, uncarpeted (at least, it was so at that time), and its walls without paint or paper. But they were ornamented with some fine photographic landscapes, and over the fire-place hung a beautiful water-colour painting, representing, I fancy, some part of the neighbourhood of Garibaldi's native Nice. I found assembled Garibaldi himself, Signor Albanese, a surgeon, who bore some honourable part in relation to the extraction of the memorable bullet of Aspromonte, and his wife, who occupied the head of the table, Garibaldi himself being seated on her left hand, a place being left for me opposite him, on the signora's right. Signor Ricciotti was my neighbour, and opposite to him sat his sister Teresa, her husband Signor Canzio, at her side. Garibaldi's beloved Teresa, or Teresita, is of middle height, robust and rounded in form, a Spartan in vigour, though with all womanly gentleness. Her hair and eyes are dark—the latter kind and true. She was dressed in the Italian colours, and is evidently in character and spirit a worthy daughter of her father. It may be remarked, *en passant*, that she is certainly not the original of Piero Magni's reading-girl.

"The repast was plain but plentiful, including Indian corn and Indian figs, of which Garibaldi has now a good supply from the rugged soil of his island. I had never before tasted Indian figs, which are pleasant and refreshing, of a golden colour, with black seeds; probably, however, too well known to need description.

"There were also scallops (they called them a sort of oyster, but they were evidently scallops), and some of a singular-looking shell-fish, called in Italian 'ricci,' and in English, I think, sea urchins, of which Garibaldi seemed especially fond. He expressed his wonder that to any one 'i frutti del mar' should be distasteful. I received one scallop from his own hand, and I can certainly say that, so received, nothing ever tasted to me so delicious. After dinner, Garibaldi retired immediately to his own room, and the rest of us dispersed. Teresa and her husband, Signor Ricciotti, and Signor and Signora Albanese, with their son, a boy of about eleven, commenced a game of mimic war, not exactly of attack and defence, but of taking prisoners and avoiding capture. They kindly asked me to join them, to which I agreed, although it happened to be to me a penance of no ordinary kind, since, having needed new boots at Florence, I had been obliged to provide myself with a pair of Italian ones, which to English feet are anything but agreeable, no foreigners being equally addicted with ourselves to the peripatetic philosophy. The great misery consists in heels as of iron, without the least elasticity. The fact was (although I trust it then remained a hidden one) that I had been compelled to leave my hose with the owner of my apartment of the former night at La Maddalena, and was now wearing these unfortunate boots on my bare feet. The reader will, therefore, not wonder that I had often ignominiously to yield myself prisoner. But Teresita! She sped hither and thither like a young fawn, and I heard the remark, 'She captured? No, never.' I was amused, but not surprised, at the wondering way in which her kind gazelle-like eyes dwelt on me. Yes, dear child of Italy, we are in physique, and, of course, in mental history, widely different. Yet have we common sympathies, 'touches of nature' which 'make us kin.' She has four children (now five, one having been born since that time, and named John Brown), whom I saw; the three eldest, boys, of whom the third bears the honoured name of Lincoln—a permanent token of Garibaldi's recognition of the great American—while the baby girl has as her rich heritage the sacred name of Anita. It was, indeed, a privilege to kiss these little ones."

* Italy and Her Capital. By E. S. G. S. London: William Freeman.

Italy does not want sympathizers. When we compare her lot with that of Poland, whose claims upon our pity, even before 1859, were not less, but greater, than her own, we cannot but wonder at the extraordinary run of luck she has had. If it is her destiny to obtain Rome, she can afford to wait for it. There is enough of work for her to do meantime to set her house in order, and prove to the Romans and to the world that she has deserved her good fortune.

CAPTAIN BALFOUR.*

No! This is not the worst novel we ever read. At rare intervals we have met with an effort in fiction more absolutely foolish than "Captain Balfour." But Miss—or shall we say Mrs.—Drayson's production is so conspicuous for its absurdities, that it may be taken as a type of a class of novel which is becoming more than ever abundant. Apparently, in the estimation of some publishers, nothing more is required in the MS. of a novel than the power of covering a certain number of pages. Get as much writing as will fill two or three volumes (three volumes preferred), fling it into type, bind it, and issue it to the libraries. Surely there must be a large number of people who believe that any novel is as good as any other novel—as good to sleep over, or smoke over, or talk over. It is impossible to imagine their reading two consecutive pages of these colourless volumes, unless in a vain hope to plumb the vacuity of the human mind. They may, indeed, read them to laugh at them, as there are people who consider that no burlesque is half as amusing as a tragedy performed by a bad company. If such be their motive in reading stupid novels, they ought certainly to get "Captain Balfour." The story seems to have been the work of one wholly inexperienced in novel-writing, and not very familiar with the principles of English grammar. The chief feature of the book is the homilies which are scattered up and down its pages—masses of prose Tupperism which are introduced in season and out of season. Our authoress never loses an opportunity to expend a page or two of unconscionable commonplace; and some of these moralities are in a high degree amusing. We can neither blame nor praise her characters, for there are none in the book. Vague shadows, bearing a name, flit across these melancholy pages; and, but for the name, we should wholly fail to distinguish them from each other. Of the incidents of the book little more can be said. They chiefly consist of picnics, visits to the theatre, and the routine of life in the country. The people speak a good deal, and so the story moves on, until you find the hero and heroine married towards the close of the last volume. Added to these characterless characteristics, there is an entire absence of plot.

Much instruction and entertainment, nevertheless, may be obtained from "Captain Balfour," even as we find the most ludicrous ideas suggested by those pictures of impossible houses, men, and trees with which school-children adorn their books. Mrs. Drayson's plans for the construction of a novel are exceedingly simple. She starts with four girls, all the daughters of a curate, and she manages to marry three of them before the book is finished, leaving the fourth engaged. Curate's daughter number one marries the rector of the parish; number two marries Captain Balfour; number three Lord Frank de Clifford; and number four is engaged to Lord Frank de Clifford's cousin. His lordship appears upon the scene at the early age of nine; and the future Captain Balfour is not much older. "At the time Charles" (the Captain Balfour that is to be) "paid them his first visit," remarks our authoress, "the present Lord Frank de Clifford was in his ninth year. Of a noble and kind-hearted disposition, there arose a sincere friendship between those two young gentlemen, such as is seldom felt at their age." The two young gentlemen of nine are quite models of behaviour; they never punch each other's eye, nor steal walnuts, nor elevate their juvenile thumb to their nose when the rector passes. Charles, having lived some years in the curate's house, receives a commission in the army; and upon leaving makes a declaration of love to Catherine, daughter of the curate, in the following impassioned and beautiful language:—

"Men are most miserable who make money their object in the choice of a wife, instead of that harmonizing of disposition, so necessary to complete their happiness; besides, you could, with your good management, make a better appearance with two hundred a year than many would with four, having been taught economy in everything by your inestimable mother."

No wonder that immediately after having made this reference to her inestimable mother's economical habits, his voice faltered.

* Captain Balfour. A Novel. By Caroline Agnes Drayson. Two vols. London: Newby.

Catherine admits that she loves him as a brother, and then presses his hand, with which he is satisfied. At a subsequent interview, however, he confesses himself afraid of the impression that a certain Lord Harry might make upon her in his absence. She replies in the following terms, which we earnestly commend to the study of all young persons likely to be placed in a similar position:—

"Lord Harry, amiable and agreeable, may be capable of gaining the disengaged affections, but when the heart is won, marked attention from others is most repugnant, and the more they endeavour to gain favour the more disagreeable they appear. A man of spirit would never try to engage the hand when he knew the heart was another's; and he must be convinced that happiness could not long follow such a union."

Enter the villain, by name Mr. Sullivan. He is pale, but that is the only outward mark of villainy which is visible. He loves Catherine and hates Charles at first sight; but in the mean time nothing comes of either passion. The two heroes now go off to the Russian war; but the reader need not be alarmed. Our authoress modestly says, "It is not our intention to detail the glories or the horrors of war, as other abler pens have fully described all the events connected with the affairs in the Crimea. Suffice it to say that Charles and Frank were engaged throughout the Crimean war." The female villain, one Miss Vivian, now becomes prominent, and tries to entrap the affections of the inconstant Charles. But the originality of Catherine's mind carries the day; for what lover could withstand the intellectual charm of hearing his mistress, when seated in a box at the opera, exclaim, "There is much both to amuse and distress the mind. The acting is admirable; but when we reflect upon the days and hours of fatigue that these poor creatures have to endure, before they are perfect in the part allotted to them, it makes me shudder." Having shuddered, she animadverts upon people who think living in the country tiresome:—

"Then I pity their taste," said Catherine; "for all the untiring enjoyments that we can possess are to be found in the country. In contemplating the fields of nature, our minds are raised above earthly enjoyments—the soul is imbued with tranquillity, that such scenes as the present can never inspire."

Indeed Catherine is a miracle of prudence, and wisdom, and reflection. She never abandons herself to those petty playfulnesses which foolish young creatures who are engaged sometimes permit to themselves. She is always highly circumspect; and how Mr. Sullivan, who wished to play Lovelace to her Clarissa, ever ventured to encounter her "observations" we cannot imagine. We almost fancy we hear Catherine speak in the following passage, in which Mrs. Drayson describes the proper comportment of affianced lovers:—

"To secure the affection, it is not necessary that the manly arm should be always encircling the slender waist, or that he (sic) should be constantly paying those countless attentions which sometimes are so lavishly bestowed that, when the first novelty is over, these *tête-à-têtes* often become irksome and wearying."

"There should be intervals of conversation, some agreeable and entertaining communication, that mutually claims the attention, and in which both are interested; much may be said that is both worth listening to and answering."

The adventure with Mr. Sullivan is really the only incident in the book. There is a great fire, everybody runs out of the house except Catherine (all heroines wait till the last moment, to allow the heroes to rescue them), Charles rushes to the rescue, and whirls her through volumes of smoke and flame; and then, as he is descending with her, Mr. Sullivan steps out, hits him over the head with a stick, and carries off the fainting Catherine into the country. But Lord Harry has been watching him, and is immediately in pursuit. Sullivan is overtaken, is wounded in the leg by a pistol-shot, and Catherine, although she has been driven on to Sullivan's house, is rescued by Lord Harry and restored to her friends. Charles recovers from the blow, and all is well. Miss Vivian, the female villain, marries a Lord Dashwood; and Sullivan, the male villain, is punished by having to elope with her. Nothing remains but a double marriage: Lord Frank de Clifford and Captain Balfour being married on the same day. "That the two gentlemen," observes our authoress, "were most suitable husbands for the sisters was probably the thought of all who beheld them. Indeed, so suitable did their union appear, that it bore the impress of having been arranged in heaven." Here, then, is a test for marriages. If they are suitable (i.e. if they do not burst into flower in the Divorce Court), they are arranged in heaven; if they are unsuitable, they are the fruit of the unholy devices of the human heart. Unfortunately, one is only able to tell when it is too late. In the present case we should say that the marriages of Lord de Clifford and Captain Balfour, instead of having been arranged in heaven, had been arranged by Mrs. Drayson—and very badly arranged, too.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.*

MR. BURNAND is a skilled inventor of clever nonsense, and there is this agreeable peculiarity about his fooling which distinguishes it from funny writing in general—he is never vulgar. When "Happy Thoughts" appeared in *Punch* they afforded so much amusement that we are not sorry to see them now in a collected shape. A more idle book could not, perhaps, be bought, or one which a reader would sooner buy when he or she wanted to feel idle. It needs no more effort to take in what Mr. Burnand wishes to say than it does to smoke a cigar. At the same time, it is only fair to him to note that underneath the mere comicality of his reflections there is a vein very like humour. He has a keen eye for the absurdities which pass unremarked in language and conduct, especially in such conversation and manner as we are ordinarily confronted with. The notion embodied in "Happy Thoughts" consists of a record of the jottings of a weak-minded gentleman who thinks that the silly ideas which occasionally flit in his brain are worth being caught, and stuck on a sheet of paper as an entomologist sticks butterflies. He has no conception whatever of their proportionate value, and the candid simplicity with which he so constantly writes himself an ass makes the exposure tickling to a degree.

It would not be easy to give an analysis of the "Happy Thoughts." The great thinker opens his diary at a country house, where his stay is made disagreeable by wasps, hornets, and ants. He becomes acquainted with several quaint peculiarities of those insects, such as, in reference to wasps, "Every wasp that flies about in the early summer is a queen wasp; she is double the size of other wasps, and has twice the sting." He also learns from a rustic friend when he has been bitten by gnats, that "small flies in the evening bite any one who's fresh to the country." Other instructions in natural history are also imparted, as, for example, "Bats in some parts of the country will settle in your hair. (N.B.—Never go out without a cap at night.) Bats can fight ferociously when they like." "These are nasty things," he adds, "to tackle. (N.B.—Never tackle a bat.)" Between bats and other things supposed to be disagreeable the subject of "Happy Thoughts" is driven from the country house, and then decides upon commencing a great literary work, to be called "Typical Developments." He finds a retreat for this purpose on the banks of the Thames. His first interruption is from a barge:—

"9 a.m.—I commence my "Typical Developments," and note the fact, keeping by me this journal of observation in case anything turns up. Something has turned up: an earwig. Distracting for a moment, but now defunct. All is peace. I walk down the lawn. Caught anything? 'Nothing.' His voice is, I fancy, getting weaker. I am meditating, and my soul is rising to sublime heights. . . . A barge is passing slowly, towed by horses against a strong stream, while the happy bargeman trudges cheerily along; and other happy bargemen, with their wives and children, loiter lazily on deck. (The fishing punt has suddenly disappeared.) Ah! how easily may we float against the stream of life if we are towed! How sweet it is to—a barge has stuck on the shallows.

"Scientific Note.—How distinctly water conveys sound. I can hear every word that happy bargeman on the opposite shore says, as if I were at his elbow. He is using language of a fearful description to his horses. The other bargeman has lifted himself up (he was on his back kicking his legs in the air on deck) to remonstrate. His remonstrances are couched in still stronger language, and include the man and the beasts. Woman (his wife I should say) interferes with a view to peacemaking. Her soothing words are more forcible than those of the two men, and include them both with the beasts. The children have also joined in, and are abusing the bargeman (their father, as I gather) on shore. My gardener tells me they'll probably stick here till the tide turns. I ask him if it often happens? He tells me, 'Oh! it's a great place for barges.' My sister and two ladies in the drawing-room (also facing the lawn) have closed their windows. 'Typical Developments' shall have a chapter on the 'Ideal Bargeman.' To write is impossible at present. A request has been forwarded to me from the drawing-room to the effect that I would step in and kill an earwig or two. I step in and kill five. Ladies in hysterics. The punt has reappeared: he only put in for more bait. Caught anything? 'Nothing.' Had a bite? 'Once, I think.' He is calm, but not in any way triumphant.

"Evening.—Tide turned. Barge gone. They swore till the last moment. From my lawn I attempted to reason with them. I called them 'my good men,' and tried to cajole them. Their immediate reply was of an evasive character. I again attempted to reason with them. Out of their next reply I distinguished only one word which was not positively an oath. Even as it stood, apart from its context, it wasn't a nice word, and my negotiations came to an end. Went back to my parlour and killed earwigs."

Pleasure parties come up the river "about three or four at a time, all a-playin' of different toons. Quite gaylike," and further, interfere with the progress of "Typical Developments." The ladies of his house require him intermittently to "kill earwigs," and an astronomical neighbour is constantly inviting

him to come in and see Jupiter through a large telescope. A chapter on "Dibbling and Sniggling" is not a bad piece of satire on the cockney system of fishing. The hero of "Happy Thoughts" is almost maddened with the sight of a man in a punt:—

"First Morning, after breakfast.—Put on my landlord's big boots and walk in the meadow. Man in a small boat fishing; ask him civilly what he's doing. He answers, without taking his eye off his hook, and being disturbed, he answers gruffly, 'Dibbling for chub.'

"I watch him dibbling. Dibbling appears to consist in sitting still in a boat and holding a rod with the line not touching the water. A fish to be caught by dibbling must be a fool, as he has to come four inches nearly out of the water in order to get at the bait. Luxurious fish they must be too! epicures of fish, for the bait is a bumble, or humble bee. The moral effect on a dibbler is to make him uncommonly sulky. All the villagers dabble, and are all more or less sulky.

"End of First Hour of watching the man dibbling for chub.—Man never spoke; no fish. He is still dibbling.

"End of Second Hour.—I have been watching him; one chub came to the surface. He wasn't to be dabbled; man still dibbling.

"End of Third Hour.—I fancy I've been asleep; the man faded away from me gradually. I am awake, and he is still dibbling for chub.

"End of Fourth Hour.—I begin to feel hungry. I ask him if he's going to leave off for luncheon; he shakes his head once, and goes on dibbling. Much dibbling would soon fill Hanwell.

"Fifth Hour.—I have had luncheon and sherry; I come down the meadow in the landlord's boots. Man still dibbling; no chub. I think I will amuse him with a joke, which I have prepared at luncheon. I say, jocosely, 'What the d—ble are you doing?' He answers, without taking his eye away from his line, 'I'll punch your 'ed if you ain't quiet.' I try to explain that it was only a joke, and beg him not to be angry. He says, 'I'll let you know if I'm angry or not;' but he goes on dibbling, and I say no more."

Nevertheless, our friend attempts dibbling himself, and also a little sniggling. His success has not been commensurate with his perseverance, and he proposes to write the following epitaph on his failure:—

"Here lies a sniggler and a dibbler.
Hooked it at last."

The "Happy Thoughts" are then carried into a Feudal Castle, which is to be let with the shooting. But, first of all, the hero stops at a place called "Boodels," belonging to a gentleman of that name. Here materials for "Typical Developments" are constantly turning up. Whatever topic of conversation is brought forward, or whatever incident, however slight or trifling, is introduced, is made an excuse for one of those absurd "Happy Thoughts" to be strung upon. One literary speculation may be permissible in connection with this kind of joking. It often puzzles us to think when reading accounts of Dick Tarleton's "merry jests," or even the snatches of supposed wit put by Shakespeare into the mouths of his clowns, how it was that people could have laughed at such flat gibing. It may be that in the future a similar puzzle will be afforded by such books as "Happy Thoughts." To us the fun is brisk enough, but it is not artistic, and is, therefore, ephemeral. However, Mr. Burnand is not pretentious. He only aims to amuse, and he succeeds admirably. Nor is it the least of his merits as a smart writer that he does not depend for his effects upon the use of slang, or of that dialect which is more peculiar as a stock-in-trade to comic journalists than it is as a vernacular to Whitechapel costermongers.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE advocates of abstinence in drink have gained a new ally in *Fraser*. The September number opens with an article on "The Alcoholic Controversy," which warmly takes the side of the teetotallers. In the opinion of the writer, alcohol ought to be classed among narcotic poisons. He denies that it augments strength, that it increases warmth, and that it nourishes by adding anything to the system in the nature of food. The whole weight of the scientific evidence of the last few years (derived from minute and repeated chemical analyses) is, as we are here told, in favour of the conclusion that beer, wine, and spirits are not necessary to human beings, but that, on the contrary, they are positively hurtful. The following is curious:—

"In the early years of this century it was unhesitatingly believed, here and in America, that brandy and other spirits kept a man warm in severe cold. The lumberer of Maine, who worked for hours up to his waist in water, and then floated on his raft down the creek, took frequent sips to warm himself. The humble stage-coachman on the outskirts of London, who crawled six or eight miles in two hours, and stopped at every public-house in hope of picking up a passenger, used to swallow a dram at each, for the same purpose. The sailor thought grog of service to warm him in the cold, and cool him in the heat. A great shock to this belief came from the first Arctic voyage of Captain Ross, and from those of Parry which followed. Undeniable trial showed that spirits chilled men, and were most dangerous. Coffee and tea superseded them under Parry, and the same change was introduced in the long-stage coaches. To allow the control of valuable

* Happy Thoughts. By F. C. Burnand. London: Bradbury & Evans.

horses, and risk the lives of passengers, to a coachman who took drams, was in itself too bad; but the intelligent coachmen of the new order discovered of themselves that the supposed warmth of spirits was a delusion. We now know that Russian experience is decidedly to the same effect; and so many have been the opportunities of testing the fact, that we stand on ground superior to that of minute science. Nevertheless, in an unhappy hour, Liebig, by some error of analysis or of physiology, pronounced that alcohol affords carbon to the lungs for generating heat. The error was soon discovered by others. The fact that alcohol, when imbibed in even the smallest quantity, is breathed out unchanged, is recognised by the smell, and can be collected from the breath quite pure, is enough to refute it. It is not 'burned in the lungs.' Experimentalists also allege that, on collecting the breath, less carbonic acid is found in it after taking alcohol than before, which denotes that the alcohol has lessened animal heat; and the same is confirmed by placing the bulb of a thermometer under the tongue."

The writer is in favour of imposing very severe restrictions on the liquor traffic, and ridicules the theory of writers on political economy that such matters should be left entirely free. The majority, he contends, are overborne by the capitalists, who have an interest in breweries and distilleries; and so the traffic goes on unrestrained, to the injury of the public. In the article, "Recent Developments of Protestantism," we have one of those papers on religious subjects for which *Fraser* has for some time past been celebrated. The tone is similar to that of "Ecce Homo"—deeply religious, profoundly reverential of Christianity, yet strongly opposed to many of the received views in religion. The doctrine of the infallibility of the Bible is put on the same footing as that of the infallibility of the Roman Church; only that the latter is described as having a great advantage over the former, inasmuch as it is a tangible, living fact, capable of adapting itself to successive times, whereas the other is only a scholastic dogma. "The Protestant hypothesis of infallible verbal inspiration residing in certain books," says the essayist, "may confidently be pronounced one of the most illogical that ever asked credence from mankind." If, it is added, "true religion is to make good its existence against the tremendous negations of the day, it must shake off the imbecile cant which is the disgrace of Protestantism. Atheistic science, whatever else may be laid to its charge, does not make men fools. By clear, open-browed, logically consistent adherence to truth, and thus alone, can it be confronted." This is followed by a long paper on the "School and University System in Scotland," in which various defects are pointed out, and the writer concludes by saying:—"Supervision, organization, and inspection, the three agencies by which the parochial schools of the Reformation were managed, are the requirements of the present day in Scotland. If these three requirements were supplied, Scotland, with her people interested in education to an extent unparalleled in any other country, could not fail to reach that high position to which the energy and intelligence of her middle and lower classes entitle her to aspire." An extremely thoughtful and interesting article is that entitled "On the Failure of 'Natural Selection' in the Case of Man"; the object of which is to show that civilization, by putting the strong and the feeble, the healthy and the valetudinarian, on very much of a par, has tended to destroy that principle of Nature by which only the most efficient members of a race are preserved, and is thus gradually deteriorating the stock by the propagation of progressively weaker and more sickly generations. "The Religious Creed and Opinions of the Caucasian Champion of the Church" is a trenchant attack on Mr. Disraeli and his Church policy. The paper on "The Moon" treats in an able manner a subject which has often been handled of late, but which possesses an inexhaustible interest. It describes those physical appearances in our satellite which modern investigations have revealed, and puts forth certain speculations with regard to its structure, &c., which we cannot venture to summarize in a few sentences. Two more chapters are given of "Oatnessiana," and M. Geffroy's work on Gustavus III. of Sweden forms the subject of an article in which that monarch is regarded as a representative of "the counter-revolution" at the close of the last century.

Setting aside "Realmah" and "The Chaplet of Pearls," *Macmillan* has but five papers. The first is on "Women Physicians," and is a plea for the study and practice of medicine by ladies. The writer argues against all the objections commonly made to such a course, and contends that the opening of this line of life to women would be of great advantage to them, by heightening the standard of their education, and relieving the tedium of purposeless existences. "No one knows," we here read, "how many women there are whose physical and mental health is now destroyed by the dreary vacuity of the lives they are compelled to lead. It is not true that enforced idleness—a life empty of any keen interest, empty of invigorating moral and intellectual discipline—is merely 'rather dull.' It is terribly demoralizing. It is the immediate parent of hysteria, insanity, and vice." Professor Huxley's lecture to working men "On a Piece of Chalk" is that which was read during the recent meeting of the British Association at Norwich. It states very emphatically the lecturer's opinion (with which the Church is so greatly offended) that the physical changes of the globe in past times have been effected by nothing else than physical causes, and are "the natural

product of the forces originally possessed by the substance of the universe." From Aubrey de Vere we have an "Autumnal Ode," full of very charming word-painting, and moralized into a religious strain which heightens and glorifies the imagery, and turns the familiar processes of Nature into a species of symbolism. Some of the concluding lines may be here reproduced:—

"But hark! the breeze increases:
The sunset forests, catching sudden fire,
Flash, swell, and sing, a million-organed choir:—
Roofing the West, rich clouds in glittering fleeces
O'er-arch ethereal spaces and divine
Of heaven's clear hyaline.
No dream is this! Beyond that radiance golden
God's Sons I see, His armies bright and strong,
The ensanguined Martyrs here with palms high holden,
The Virgins there, a lily-lifting throng!
The Splendours nearer draw. In choral blending
The Prophets' and the Apostles' chant I hear;
I see the City of the Just descending
With gates of pearl and diamond bastions sheer.
The walls are agate and chalcedony:
On jacinth street and jasper parapet
The unwaning light is light of Deity,
Not beam of lessening moon or suns that set.
That undeciduous forestry of spires
Lets fall no leaf! those lights can never range:
Saintly fruitions and divine desires
Are blended there in rapture without change."

Politicians will be interested in the article on "The Beust Régime in Austria," which, while admitting the merits of the present Premier of the empire, accuses him of committing several gross blunders, and especially of cherishing the vain hope of regaining the lead in Germany, and of treating the Czechs in an unjust and oppressive manner. The latter are described as greatly disaffected towards the rule of Austria, and as listening with a favourable ear to the intrigues of the Russian Government, but there is yet time to reconcile them. The concluding sentence of the article embodies a truth to which we have ourselves frequently called attention:—"In the midst of the heavy clouds which hang over the destiny of Austria, one truth shines out with a clear and steady light: the absolute necessity of resting the future of the western half of the monarchy on the Slavonian element. By making the Germans the keystone of his new Austrian edifice, Baron Beust has prepared its certain dissolution; and if this fatal mistake is persisted in, the time must inevitably come when the ruler of Austria will be placed face to face with the alternative of either changing his Minister or losing his empire." Mr. Edward Dicey discourses in the concluding article on "The Candidates for Next Parliament;" giving it as his opinion that the cost of entering the House of Commons and of holding a seat will prevent the return of any large number of "popular" men.

The paper on "Thoughtfulness in Dress," which the *Cornhill* places first after the further instalment of "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," is full of sensible suggestions, but is too long. That on "Pocket Boroughs" is a curious account of the decayed villages and collections of ruined sheds and barns which used to return members to Parliament in the old times, but which were disfranchised by the Reform Bill of 1832. The writer does not desire a return to that system, yet he seems to entertain a sort of whimsical admiration for it, as one of the devices by which the aristocratic rule established by the revolution of 1688 managed to maintain itself. Of the most flagrant instance of these "pocket boroughs" we here read:—

"The case of Old Sarum is a very peculiar one. This place used always to be quoted as one of the most flagrant examples of the absurdity of the old system, and any allusion to the one inhabitant of that ancient borough, who was supposed to return its two members, was always thought a good joke. But the fact is, that, till about 120 years ago, there was not even one inhabitant of Old Sarum; and I remember being puzzled at first how to reconcile this fact with the record of 'contested elections' which occurred there in the reign of Charles II., and again in the reign of Queen Anne. But on examining the point one sees that these were cases rather of disputed returns than of contests in the modern sense. Not but what there were materials for even these. It did not follow in those days that because there were no residents, therefore there were no voters. And on the site of Old Sarum still flourished fourteen freeholders, who were likewise 'burgage holders,' and who met periodically under the 'Election Elm'—a tree which I regarded with veneration—to choose their representatives in Parliament. Sarum had once been a place of great importance. Its castle was one of the chief barriers of the south-west against the incursions of the Welsh; and before the removal of its cathedral into the valley where it now stands, it must have been one of the finest cities in the kingdom. But when no longer required as a military post, it is easy to see that its inaccessible position, on the summit of a very steep and very lofty hill, would soon lead to its desertion. But as early as the reign of Henry VIII., the old town was in ruins, and not a single house in it inhabited. And we may suppose that by the end of the seventeenth century it had become just the bare mound that it is at present."

The best paper in the number is that by Mr. G. A. Macfarren, entitled "The English are not a Musical People." This is a most admirable piece of musical criticism and history, written with a view to showing (which we think is done conclusively) that we are pos-

sessed in an eminent degree of the musical faculty, that in former times we were even distinguished among the nations of Europe in this respect, and that we worked our own degradation by adopting, in the reign of Queen Anne, and subsequently, the frivolous musical style then prevailing in Italy, and throwing unjust contempt on our own native genius. Mr. Macfarren has exhibited great knowledge of the history of his art in this essay, and we trust it will be widely read by his fellow-musicians. Besides its serial novel, the *Cornhill* contains two stories—"The Stockbroker at Dinglewood," and "The Victorial"—and a poem called "Theology in Extremis," which is wanting in clearness.

St. Pauls has an article on "American Reconstruction," which undertakes to prove that the whites of the Southern States are being oppressed by the North, and subjected to the caprices of an ignorant and inferior race—that of the negroes. "A Song of Angiola in Heaven" is a little poem with thought and feeling in it. In the paper on "Our Architecture," it is contended that we have not, and never have had, any distinctively English style; that Gothic architecture is quite unfitted for the present day, however suitable to the middle ages; that modern imitations of it are ridiculous, and in bad taste; and that in our new metropolitan erections (such as the proposed law courts) we are following inappropriate models, and preparing the way for failure. The writer demands a new style; but this is not so easily obtained. "Who was the First Printer?" propounds a question which has often been asked, but which it is difficult to answer with certainty. The Dutch dispute that this great honour—perhaps the greatest that any man could boast—belongs to the three Germans to whom it is generally assigned, and declare that it is the rightful meed of their countryman, Lawrence Koster, of Haarlem. The writer of the article inclines to the claims of Koster, but admits that Gutenberg may have afterwards struck out the same idea himself, and at the same time gives him the credit of having carried the art to much greater perfection than Koster attained. "The Norfolk Broads" introduces us to a part of England not generally known, yet characterized by some curious features, and abounding in attractions for the angler and sportsman. The article on "Giampietro Viesseux, the Florentine Bookseller," gives an account of a worthy who flourished from 1820 to 1863; and further chapters of "The Sacristan's Household," "A Struggle for Mastery," and "Phineas Finn," form the backbone of fiction without which no magazine in these days could exist.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* presents some capital articles. "In the Gallery" describes, with knowledge, discrimination, and sympathy, the wonderful system of newspaper Parliamentary reporting which prevails in London; and the paper on "Mr. 'Original' Walker" makes us acquainted with the sanitary and gastronomic arrangements of a worthy London magistrate of the last generation, by which, like a more genial Luigi Cornaro, he established himself in superb health. "Up and Down a Salmon Stream," "The Autumn Holiday," and "A Kentish Hopyard," are seasonable papers. "Old Subscribers" is one of those admirable imaginary conversations which Mr. Shirley Brooks knows so well how to compound, and to flavour with the true Attic salt. "A Walk through King's College Hospital" contains some interesting information; while "The Milton Enigma" (in opposition to the asserted parentage of the newly-discovered poem), and "On Some Lost Papers," are fair specimens of the lighter kind of magazine articles.

The *Dublin University* continues its articles on folk-lore. The opening paper in the present number is entitled "King Conor of Ulster and his Knights: Irish Legendary Lore of the First Century;" the concluding paper is on "The Fireside Literature of Europe," in continuation of previous articles, and bringing to a close all that the writer intends to select from Slavonic and Teutonic sources. The "Irish Legendary Lore of the First Century" is, of course, of very small historical value; but it is curious in an antiquarian sense, and not devoid of the power of entertainment, though, like most Celtic traditions, it deals too exclusively with deeds of violence and ferocity. The supernatural agency, however, relieves this element to some extent, and gives a grace to what would otherwise be wearisome and unpleasant. The article on "The Old Russian Army" and Field Marshal Savaroff speaks of the brilliant Muscovite soldier as the only great general which the Empire of the Czars has yet produced, though the military annals of that Power are fruitful of great achievements. "Traits of Chivalric Times" and "Pompeii" are both papers in which some rather well-known materials are intelligently and agreeably worked up; and to these essays is added a liberal measure of fiction in the shape of novels and novelettes.

The *Month* opens with some remarks on "Cottage Hospitals," the further establishment of which (there are already some few in existence) is strongly advocated by the writer. The hospitals in question were originated by Mr. Albert Napper, a medical man in Surrey. They are precisely what their name indicates—hospitals on a small scale, established in country districts, with gardens about them, and as useful for the convalescent as for the actually sick. In the opinion of the writer, Roman Catholics would in such establishments lie under less peril of exposure to Protestant influences than (as he alleges) they do in the large hospitals of towns. The stories, "Eudoxia" and

"Anne Severin," are continued; so are the "Scenes from a Missionary Journey in South America," and Fr. Secchi's interesting lectures on the Sun; and a number of reviews, chiefly of religious works, are appended as a makeweight. The Catholic readers of this Magazine, however, will be chiefly interested in the long article on "Anglican Sacerdotalism," in which it is attempted to be shown that the clergymen of the Church of England have no real position as priests, and that the story of the consecration of Archbishop Parker in the reign of Elizabeth, on which the validity of the consecration of all his successors depends, is open to great doubt. The subject is one which we cannot here discuss; but it is at any rate interesting to see what our adversaries have to allege on the subject. The article concludes with a letter from Dr. Newman.

The *Contemporary Review* leads off with an article by Dr. Brady on "The Irish Establishment under Papal and Protestant Princes." If any one intelligently entertains a second opinion on the subject, we recommend him to read Dr. Brady's essay, which disposes with much patience of the arguments or palliation set up in favour of the Establishment. It is certainly the most distinct and able paper we have read on the subject, and contains several fine points which have escaped those who have been obliged to reason out the question at a distance from the centre. Here is a position advanced which will be novel at least to most English readers:—

"The Irish Establishment also serves to maintain order and discipline in the Roman Catholic ranks, and while it exists many Roman Catholic laymen will feel it a point of honour to offer no opposition to the political efforts of their hierarchy, even when the views of the laymen fail to coincide with those of the priests. The removal of the Establishment would give unwonted life and energy to the independent action of the Roman Catholic laity, and make Roman Catholicism in Ireland less Ultramontane, and more national and domestic, than it is. The votes of the Roman Catholic members, which are now alleged to represent too much the wishes of ecclesiastics, would, from the date of disestablishment, represent more fully the wishes of laymen. Owing to these and kindred reasons, there are some Roman Catholic clergymen to whom Irish Church disestablishment is a matter of very small moment. These clergymen think chiefly of the religious aspect of the question, and do not so much regard the general welfare of their country, as what seems to their limited vision to be the immediate interests of their Church. They see nothing in the Establishment to impede, but much to strengthen, their own influence with their flocks. They stand at present on the vantage-ground afforded them by past persecution and present disabilities. They do not care to step down from that vantage-ground to the broad level of religious equality. A fair field and no favour is not to their mind. They regard, in their narrow view, the grievance, traditional or real, of the Establishment as a gain rather than a loss. But their voice is almost without influence in the general councils of the Roman Catholic priests, the overwhelming numbers of whom, looking to the national interests of Ireland as well as to the separate interests of their Church, have declared against the continuance of an Establishment which keeps in legal inferiority the religion of more than three-fourths of the people of Ireland. Moreover, the Establishment almost necessarily creates, and, without doubt, affords ample opportunity for creating, antipathy towards England. Most of the Roman Catholic priests are inclined to be loyal, and hate treason and conspiracy. If they had no better motives than self-interest and self-preservation they must perforce be anxious to conserve the peace of the country. Parish priests have nothing whatever to gain, for themselves or their Church, in Fenian or American rule in Ireland. They have everything to lose by treason and insurrection. With the Establishment before them—both an oppression and an irritation, forming 'an insult to the Catholic population such as a dominant minority never before dared'—to use Mr. Senior's words—'to inflict on the bulk of the people,' they find it a hard task to teach Irish Roman Catholics of the humble class to love the British Constitution, or the existing law. The theory of that law is—according to Mr. Senior—that there is in Ireland neither a Catholic laity nor a Catholic priesthood.' In the eye of the law a Roman Catholic priest or bishop has no status in Ireland. The very titles of their bishops are prohibited by statute. The Establishment exclusively possesses, so far as law can give them, not only the revenues, but also the very titles and dignities of the ancient Church. The Roman Catholic bishops, priests, and laymen, who are loyal to the Crown, desire the removal of the Establishment to assist them in inculcating loyalty with better effect. At present they teach loyalty under difficulties."

The other papers deal with a variety of matters which we cannot dispose of cursorily, but may return to.

The *Broadway* begins a new series at a shilling. The present number contains the opening chapters of novels by Mr. Henry Kingsley and Miss Annie Thomas (now Mrs. Pender Cudlip), and several articles of a varied and attractive character. Walt Whitman's verses (if they can be so called), "Whispers of Heavenly Death," were written expressly for this publication, and are in the author's usual style of ecstatic mysticism. Mr. James Hannay's "Studies on Thackeray" is a good piece of criticism, though we have seen more brilliant productions from the same pen. "Verses in my Old Age" is the title of a touching little poem by Mr. Procter ("Barry Cornwall"). There are some coarse rhymes by Mr. F. Locker, in which the birching of girls is assumed to be an ordinary domestic institution. Are these things so? There is some old English play in which a marriageable girl says she will put on her new corset even though her mother flogs her till the blood runs over her heels. Lady Jane Grey's

parents used to treat her, "yea, presently, sometimes, to pinches, nips, and bobs;" but we thought that was all over. We have also papers on "The Ocean Broadway," by the Rev. Newman Hall, on M. Rouher (of whom a very fair and discriminating account is given), on "The Volunteer Crisis," by an Old Linesman, and on the life and services of Lord Napier of Magdala. The new series of this Magazine is an improvement on the old.

Once a Week is full of well-written matter. The article on the "Epitaph" ascribed to Milton pretty well exhausts all that is to be said on the subject, and goes dead against the assumption of Professor Morley. One of the most noticeable features of the number is a retort (anything but courteous) by Mr. Charles Reade on the *Mask* for having asserted that he has borrowed the plot and characters of "Foul Play" from a French drama. The writer of "Table Talk," referring to the same publication, remarks:—

"Charles Reade rightly describes the criticism on his last novel, which appeared in the *Mask*, as a flagrant specimen of the sham sample swindle. But a not less flagrant specimen of it appears in the August number of the same periodical. There is a large cut which contains coarse, but recognisable, likenesses of various public characters—Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Gladstone, Dean Stanley, M. Alexandre Dumas, Mr. Boucicault, and so on. Their names are written each below each, though this was scarcely necessary as the portraits are borrowed from well-known photographs. But the artist could find no portrait of Mr. Reade, so deemed it safe to indulge his malice towards a man greatly his superior, by drawing a hideous gorilla in knickerbockers, and writing below it Charles Reade. Among a crowd of portraits which are tolerably correct, there is an impudent libel, which has no foundation in fact, on the figure of a man of true genius."

The article on "The Woods and the Weather" contains some very useful information on the effect which trees have in determining the climate of a country; and the other papers are up to the mark. Among the illustrations we must mention with commendation the charming social sketches of Mr. F. Eltze, which have a good deal of the manner of Leech, and are characterized by a gaiety and natural cheerfulness to which, since the death of that lamented artist, we have almost been strangers.

There was a time when the *Victoria*, which, with all its undoubted merit as a specific organ, has often been amateurish, used to contain some strikingly good criticism. Latterly, however, it has contained nothing of the kind. Last month there was a notice of Matthew Arnold's new poems which was one of the very queerest bits of writing we ever saw. This month there is an intelligent notice of George Eliot's "Spanish Gypsy," which adds one more voice to the general consensus upon the point that the book is not a poem. But some of the "points" made by the critic are rather odd. What on earth is the matter with this?—

"With head averse in peremptory sign."

The *Victoria* reviewer underlines the *tory*, and finds some "liberty" in it. We can find none whatever. Again—

"Oh, she knew it!—knew it as martyrs knew."

Here there is an undoubted "liberty" taken, but an intentional and defensible one; at the very lowest, such a line, if not a lapse, raises a purely open question. Apropos of possible reminiscences of other authors, the *Victoria* says, "On page 337 we find this—

'Her limbs were motionless, but in her eyes
And in her breathing lip's soft tremulous curve.'

And in Willis's poem, entitled the 'Daughter Jairus,' these lines occur—

'And in her nostrils, spiritually thin,
The breathing curve was mockingly like life.'

Surely this is a *mauvaise plaisanterie* by somebody with a good memory! But, again—

'Now let us turn to page 116, and find there Juan's song to Pepita. Does it remind us or not of the well-known verses in praise of Rosalind (act iii., scene 2, 'As You Like It')?

"From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the face of Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.'

"There is no need to quote the whole of Juan's love stanzas; these lines will, we fancy, suffice to show their general similarity to the foregoing:—

"Autumn's prime,
Apple-time,
Smooth cheeks round,
Heart all sound?
Is it this
You would kiss?
Then it is Pepita.
You can bring
No sweet thing,
But my mind
Still shall find
It is my Pepita.'"

We can hardly believe that this is not a joke. Yet the *Victoria* says,—“We are not, in thus criticising ‘The Spanish Gypsy,’ to be understood as directly accusing the writer thereof of any literary pilfering.” This certainly reads gravely; but then some people's fun is so much like earnest. We would undertake to tear into shreds the rag-bag the best book that ever was written, if we were allowed only half as much scope for finding out resemblances. In the general verdict on the "poem" we agree, and we find it well expressed.

London Society is constructed with a view, we should say, altogether to please the ladies; and if articles on marriage, stories of courtship and flirtation, and pictorial incidents of hand-squeezing, in which the men are beautiful exceedingly, contribute to such an end, the contents of the present number ought to be very popular in the drawing-room. The filagree-work of the letter-press is neat enough. This is the sort of thing:—

"She turned in surprise, as I leant o'er her shoulder,
Her cheek my warm breath so audaciously fanned.
Oh, she blushed like a rose when she saw the beholder
Was he whose loved name she had written in sand—
Written in sand.

As her sweet waist I spanned
I whispered, 'My fate you have written in sand!'"

Good Words, always a welcome periodical, has some excellent papers this month. Mr. Ralston contributes an article of special interest on the Russian law-courts; and Mr. William Gilbert gives an account of a quarter of London for which religious and sanitary inspectors seem very much required.

The "selected" pictures in the current number of the *Art Journal* are "Arming the Young Knight," by W. F. Yeames, A.R.A., engraved by P. Lightfoot; an exquisite landscape by David Cox, depicting the wild scenery round Carreg-Cennen Castle, Llandilo, carefully engraved by W. Chapman; and "The Spirit Enchained," by A. François, from the design by Paul de la Roche.

We have ere now commended *Aunt Judy's Magazine*, edited by Mrs. Alfred Gatty, as a capital Miscellany for children, and need only add that the September number keeps up its well-merited reputation. We do not, however, believe Mrs. Gatty's little readers find the monthly subscription-list for Aunt Judy's Cot a complete substitute for the music and song they used to find at the end of the magazine until lately. This is very interesting,—

"Augusta, Frances Beatrice Beevor, and Alice Nora 0 2 9
Mary, John, Susan, Alice, and Fred Blagg, Cheadle 0 5 0;"

but it is not, as the Italians say, *cantabile*.

We have also received the *St. James's Magazine*, the *Eclectic*, the *Student*, *Belgravia*, the *Argosy*, *Chambers's Journal*, *Cassell's Magazine*, *Sunday Magazine*, *Mission Life*, the *Evangelical Magazine*, Part 10 *Cassell's Popular Educator*, the *Quiver*, the *Sunday at Home*, *Golden Hours*, the *Leisure Hour*, the *Gardeners' Magazine*, the *Artizan*, the *Floral World*, the *Oak*, *Hardwicke's Science-Gossip*, *Codey's Lady's Book*, No. 11 *Hanover Square*, No. 8 *Exeter Hall*, and Part 10 of *Part Music*.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Airy (Prof.), *Popular Astronomy*. New edit. 18mo., 4s. 6d.
 Albites (A.), *How to Speak French*. 8th edit. 12mo., 5s. 6d.
 Blacket (W. S.), *Young Men's Class*. Fcap., 1s. 6d.
 Cassell's Technical Manual of Linear Drawing. Fcap., 2s.
 Children's (The) Musical Companion. Edited by Mrs. Curteis. Oblong, 4s.
 Cudjoe's Cave. By the Author of "The Scout." Cr. 8vo., 1s.
 Dalton (W. J.), *Will Adams*. New edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Davis (J. E.), *Manual of the Law of Registrations and Elections*. 12mo., 12s.
 Gallott (J. L.) *Universal Curve Table*. 32mo., 3s. 6d.
 Gentle Life (The): *Essays*. 6th edit. Fcap., 6s.
 Glen (W. C.), *Parliamentary Registration Manual*. New edit. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
 Harry's Ladder to Learning. New edit. Royal 16mo., 5s.
 Humphreys (N.), *Coinage of the British Empire*. New edit. Royal 8vo., 21s.
 Huxley (T. H.), *Lessons in Elementary Physiology*. 2nd edit. 18mo., 4s. 6d.
 Kempis (Thomas à), *Imitation of Christ*. New edit. 32mo., roan, 1s. 6d.
 Knight (J. P.), *Practical Guide to Perspective*. Oblong, 1s.
 Lanspergius (J.), *An Epistle of Jesus Christ to the Faithful Soul*. 18mo., 2s.
 Louis Michaud. 18mo., 1s. 6d.
 Lyra Anglicana. Edited by R. H. Baynes. New edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 McCarthy (J.), *The Waterdale Neighbours*. New edit. Fcap., 2s.
 Mather (J.), *The Coal Mines: their Dangers, and Means of Safety*. 4to., 21s.
 More (Hannah), *Pietas Privata*. New edit. 32mo., 1s.
 Mott (P. T.), *Charnwood Forest: its Air, Scenery, &c.* 3rd edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Nugent (E.), *Treatise on Optics*. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Oke (G. C.), *Magisterial Synopsis*. 10th edit. 2 vols. 8vo., £2. 18s.
 Our Ourselves Budget. 15th series. Fcap., 1s.
 Pearl. By the Author of "Caste." 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 21s.
 Pietsch (O.), *Little Folks and Little Friends*. Royal 8vo., 4s.
 Ritchie (W.), *Scripture Testimony against Intoxicating Wines*. New edit. Fcap., 1s.
 Robertson (W. H.), *Handbook of the Peak of Derbyshire*. 7th edit. 12mo., 2s. 6d.
 St. Pauls. Edited by A. Trollope. Vol. II. Royal 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Silent Hour (The): *Essays for Sunday Reading*. 2nd edit. Fcap., 6s.
 Spence (C. E.), *The Author's Daughter*. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Stevens (E. T.) and Hole (C.), *Complete Reader*. Book IV. 12mo., 3s.
 Scupoli (L.), *The Spiritual Combat*. New edit. 32mo., roan, 1s. 6d.
 Swinburne's Farmer's Account Book. New edit. Folio, 7s. 6d., and 12s. 6d.
 Corn and Stock Book. New edit. Folio, 3s. 6d.
 Taylor's Improved Farmer's Account Book. 26th edit. Folio, 6s.
 Transactions of the National Association of Social Science. 1867. 8vo., 12s.
 Vines (Rev. T. H.), *S. Bo'olph; or, The Missing Key*. Cr. 8vo., 4s. 6d.
 Warwick House Toy Books. 4to., 1s. each.
 Children's Picture Alphabet (The).
 Pretty Nursery Tales.
 Popular Rhymes.
 Walford (E.), *County Families of the United Kingdom*. 4th edit. Royal 8vo., £2. 10s.
 Waring (N. J.), *Pharmacopoeia of India*. 8vo., 6s.
 Weale's Rudimentary Series.—Kipping (R.), on *Masting and Mast-making, &c., of Ships*. 11th edit. 12mo., 1s. 6d.
 Wilkinson (R.), *Representation of the People Act*. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 The Boundary Act, 1868. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Wilson's Tales of the Borders. New edit. 10 vols. Fcap., 28s.